The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BIRDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My thoughts are singing birds,
And I cage them in my brain;
But you cannot hear them sing
If they always there remain.

But I am not sure their song,
If I let them out will please;
And the world is cold—so cold
That I fear my birds would freeze.

Besides there are always those
Waiting to stone and kill
Every such bird that dares
To open its little bill.

But one has already flown,
The cage has an unsafe door:
If you do not treat him ill,
I will gladly send you more.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

"Between Geoffry Clanwaring, the Baronet's son, and Maria Owen, the obscure farmer's daughter, there lay miles of that exacting gulf called Social Position."

CHAPTER I.

MARIA OWEN.

It was a wild night. Clouds chased each other across the sky, darkening the face of the moon; the wind dashed along in fitful gusts with a rush and a whirl, dying away in wailing moans.

Stealing up Harebell Lane with steps that seemed to fear their own echo, went two men, carrying between them a bulky parcel, to all appearance remarkably heavy for its size. They had smock frocks thrown over their ordinary attire, and hats slouched low on their faces. A casual passer-by would have taken them for laborers, tramping home with tired feet after a day's ploughing: a keener observer, if accustomed to live amidst rustics, might have seen how uneasily those smock frocks sat, and divined by instinct that they were assumed for a purpose.

"Bear your own weight of the load, Geach, and be hanged to ye," growled one, who was short and compact, to his taller companion.

"And don't I bear it?—You be shot!" carelessly retorted the other.

The parcel was more like a bundle, its outside covering of dirty canvas, and might have been supposed to contain garments, rather untidily rolled up together. In the stout cord by which it was confined were left two loops at either end, by which the men carried it.

"Change hands."

They had gone a few paces further when Geach said this, and were close to the gates leading into Beechhurst Dene. Voices and steps, as if advancing from the Hollow, at this moment became audible; and the men, who were in the act of changing hands, started. A moment's pause, to listen: when Geach pushed his comrade into the ditch under the hedge, without the smallest compunction, and the bundle upon him.

"Keep dark, for your life, Robson!" he breathed. "Hide it, man; hide it. Hang that moon."

The offending moon, left bright by a departing cloud, was not apostrophised by any so innocent a word as "hang;" but the language really used by these men could not be allowed to appear in polite literature. Possibly believing he was too tall for any hedge or ditch to conceal him, Geach noiselessly leaped to the other side of the lane, and then went on with a bent, sauntering gait, whistling a rustic song, as two people emerged from the grounds of Beechhurst Dene.

"Good-night t'ye, masters," he said, in the Worcestershire tone.

"Good-night, my man," heartily responded Geoffry Clanwaring, who made one; the other being Simmons, his father's young gamekeeper. And they passed down the lane out of sight. Geoffry Clanwaring will presently be fully introduced to our readers.

With some grumbling and grunting, the man called Robson got out of the ditch: which, fortunately for him, was tolerably dry. Taking the parcel between them as before, they stole on, Robson growling still.

"Tell ye what it is, Geach," he muttered, "this here lane ain't the place it used to be. What with these here new folks at the Dene and their crowd o' servants, and that dratted farmer in Mosy Black's farm, I'll be smothered if I call it safe."

"Where's the danger?" airily responded Geach.

"The danger! Take to-night. If them two had pounced upon us afore we'd time to get it away, they might ha' turned curious eyes on it. One was Sir Dene Clanwaring's son; t'other was the keeper. I knowed 'em by their voices."

"Well? They'd have seen a bundle of—anything—done up with apparent looseness, and two poor tired laborers tramping home to their night's rest. What o' that? Before there can be any danger, there must be suspicion, Robson: and I'll take my oath there's none o' that abroad yet. You were always a croaker."

"I don't care; I'm right," grumbled Robson. "The way here is not the lone way it was: and danger may come."

"Better hold your tongue just now. There may be ears behind that hedge."

It was good advice, and they went on in silence. By the pond, Geach again demanded to change hands. He was a very tall, upright, and apparently strong young man; yet his arms seemed to get tired quickly. Robson remarked upon it.

"I had a bad fall a week ago, and my bones haven't done aching yet," explained Geach in a whisper.

What with the natural gloominess of the lane, and the densely black cloud covering the moon, it had been for some minutes safely dark. There occurred a sudden change to light as they were changing hands: the moon shone out in all her best brightness, causing the open part where they now stood to be almost as light as day. Robson, his mind not altogether at ease and his eyes roving everywhere, suddenly saw some object leaning over the fence above the pond. Was it a man? Starting back a step involuntarily, he hissed forth a low signal of caution. Geach was always prepared. He pushed the bundle entirely into the arms of his companion—who slightly staggered under the unexpected weight—and began whistling again, as they walked on like two unconcerned rustics.

Yes, it was a man. And one they recognised. There shone the seal-skin cap, tipped with white fur, and the whiter beard of Robert Owen—the reader will know more of him soon, the occupant of Black's farm, already mentioned. He was evidently looking at them; watching them openly. They would have gone on, pretending not to see him, but that a rather sharp cough took Mr. Owen at the same moment: and they could not assume not to hear. Geach stopped his whistling, and turned to speak.

"If ye please, master, can ye tell us whether we be in the right road for Bransford?"

"For Bransford? Why that's a long way off," returned Mr. Owen. "You'll have to wind about a bit, my men, and do some cross-country before you get to Bransford. Where d'ye come from?"

"Worcester last."

"Worcester! Then why did you not take the Bransford road direct—if it's Bransford you want?"

"Missed our way. Thank ye, master."

Resuming his whistling, and giving a pull to his hat by way of salutation, Geach walked on. Robson had not stopped.

Mr. Owen stretched himself over the fence to look after them, until they were hidden by the winding of the lane. Geach knew, almost by intuition, that they were being watched. A very emphatic curse broke from his lips.

"What did I tell ye?" whispered Robson. "The Trailing Indian's not as safe as it was. It may have to shift its quarters."

"Shift its quarters be stilled!" retorted Geach. "Black can take care of himself: and of you too."

"Well, it's a new thing to be watched like this in Harebell Lane. I don't stomach it, Geach; I can tell ye that."

A short while, and they arrived at that solitary hostelrie: a low, two-storied old house with gables, and a dangling sign-board. The turnpike road, that ran cross-ways and terminated the lane, was within view. The Trailing Indian professed to derive its support from chance travellers passing up and down by it.

Save for one candle, put to stand in a casement window, the inn presented a dark appearance—which for an inn looked most inhospitable. Letting the parcel fall gently on the ground, Geach gave three distinct knocks on the door, and then tapped at the window. The candle was removed from the casement, and a man's head came out.

"Who's that, knocking at my window?"

"Me and Robson. Open the door, Randy."

Mr. Black hastened to do so. Amidst his friends—and foes too—his Christian name was familiarly converted into Randy: it came easier to the lips than "Randolf." He was a tall, swarthy man, of five or six and thirty, with a sinister look in his dark face. Catching up the bundle in his arms, he led the way through passages to a remote room, closed in with shutters: not the room of general entertainment, one entirely private to himself. The men took off their smock frocks, and the landlord called about him. A little woman, very pretty once, but pale, sad-eyed, and struck into meekness by terror long ago, came forward in answer to his call. It was Mrs. Black.

"Get supper as once—pork chops and mashed potatoes; and put a good log on the parlor fire," said Black, imperiously. "Don't be a month over it, now: and come and knock at the door when supper's ready."

Save for an ostler, who slept over the stables, and was on very close terms with his master, no servant was kept. The ostler would give help at odd jobs sometimes, otherwise Mrs. Black had to do all the domestic work. It was not over-burthening in a general way; bonafide travellers at the inn were few and far between. For all the profit they brought, its master might have starved.

The inn had a bad reputation, though the suspicions cast on it were but of a vague nature. Stout sailors and boatmen occasionally made their way to it from barges coming up the Severn, striking across the country from the river by night; and it was thought their inflated appearance told of concealed brandy-skins and tobacco. Smuggling was largely pursued in those days, and brought back its profits. It is possible that Mr. Black dealt in other things; that his house had some safe hiding-places in it, where booty, the proceeds of robberies in town and country, might be stowed away in safety, until the hue-and-cry after it was over. These men, at any rate, sitting round the table to-night, were neither sailors nor boatmen. A tale was current in the neighborhood, that a traveller had disappeared at this inn in a very mysterious manner. It was a peddler, tramping the country with rather valuable wares. That he had called in at the Trailing Indian for refreshment one summer evening, there was no doubt, intending afterwards to proceed on his way to Worcester by moonlight. The landlord, and the ostler, and Mrs. Black, all declared that he had so proceeded: and there was no proof at all that he had not. However it may have been, the peddler had not turned up at Worcester; he had never been seen or heard of since.

There was only one candle on the table; and that of tallow; but the articles Mr. Black was feasting his eyes upon, shone as brightly as though they had been illuminated by lime-light. Massive articles of solid silver, where they; some few of gold: no wonder, packed compactly, that the two porters had found them somewhat heavy. Geach was a fair, nice-looking young man, his features small, all but the nose; that was high, shapely, and prominent. He was born to fill a better station, but evil courses had brought him down in the world. Robson had a close and contracted expression of countenance. They were telling of the encounter with farmer Owen.

"It won't do, you know, Black, to be watched by him," cried Robson, savagely. "If he is to pass his nights haunting the lane, the sooner the Trailing Indian knows it, the better."

"I wish Sir Dene Clanwaring had been sunk, before he refused to lease me the farm in Mosy's place!" exclaimed Black. "He is going to cut a hollow somewhere now, to bring up wagons and carts quicker from Hurst Leet—smother him! As if we wanted more ways up here?"

"That's not much, Randy—a cutting. Owen is."

"Owen had better keep himself and his eyes for his own affairs; he may find himself in the wrong box if he attempts to look after mine," was Mr. Randy's comment. "The outcry's pretty hot, I hear, at Worcester."

Geach laughed.

"Nothing less than a gang from London, they say."

"I can't think how he could have been standing," resumed Robson presently, returning to the subject of farmer Owen—for the encounter seemed to have made a most unpleasant impression on him. "The fence is right against the trees."

"No it's not," said Black; "there's a strip o' pathway. And my brother, Mosy, was fool enough to make it, as a short cut to the two acre meadow. Owen has got some sheep there; and now that the lambing season's on, he or the shepherd is everlastingly out with 'em at night. One or t'other on 'em's sure to be out."

"But why need he halt in the pathway and push his ugly beard over the fence to watch the lane?" contended Robson. "What's it for, Randy?"

"How the deuce should I know?" retorted Randy. "Here; lend a hand, you two."

The articles had been placed in a box. Black then opened a closet in the room, which had apparently no other egress, pushed up one of its panels, and got through the aperture, Robson and the box disappearing after him. As soon as they were back again, and the closet door and panel made fast, Mrs. Black knocked to say supper was waiting in the parlor. And the three went out to it.

We must return to Geoffry Clanwaring. Passing down the lane with his game-keeper, seeing nothing and suspecting nothing of the man hidden in the ditch, he had reached the end of the lane, when two people were observed approaching; one of whom was laughing gayly. A silvery, sweet laugh; that a little stirred the pulses of Mr. Geoffry. It was Maria Owen. She had been spending the afternoon at Hurst Leet, and was returning attended by the house servant—a stout red-cheeked and red-armed damsel, named Joan. Maria wore her gipsy cloak, its hood of scarlet drawn round her face and her pretty curls.

Geoffry Clanwaring turned back with Miss Owen; the keeper pursued his way onwards, straight down the road. Arrived at Mr. Owen's gate, they stood to talk, and Joan went in.

"Mamma was to have gone with me, but she did not feel well enough this afternoon; so they sent Joan to bring me home," explained Maria, chattering and blushing, and her heart beating widly for love of the handsome young man before her. He could see the rosy dimples in the moonlight, he could see the sweet eyes, cast down beneath the gaze of his. Every fibre within him thrilled in answer, for she was more to him than—ay, almost than heaven.

Love is no respector of persons; the fitness of things never enters into the god's calculations. Between Geoffry Thomas Clanwaring, the baronet's son, and Maria Owen, the obscure farmer's daughter, there lay miles of that exacting gulf, called social position: nevertheless, they had contrived to lapse into a passion for each other, than which nothing could be more pure and ardent. Part them, and the whole world would be to each as a blank wilderness.

Sir Dene had three sons. The heir was entirely a fine gentleman, living chiefly in London, amidst his clubs and his gayeties and his friends in high life. The youngest was a soldier, already married, and serving in India. Geoffry, the second, remained at home, looking after things on the estate, making himself quite as useful as Drew the bailiff did. Geoffry might generally be seen in velveteen shooting-coat and leather or beaver leggings, tramping about on foot, or riding on horseback, always however busy. It was whispered by Gander, a servant who had lived with them for years, that Sir Dene liked him the best of all his sons. The heir was cold and haughty; the soldier improvident and cross-tempered; Geoffry alone had never given anything but duty and affection to his father. Out and about the land daily, it was thus he had formed the acquaintance of Robert Owen, and thence of Owen's family. It had become quite an ordinary matter now for Geoffry Clanwaring to run in and out of Harebell farm at will.

"What were you laughing at Maria?" he asked, as they stood there at the gate. "You and Joan?"

"I was laughing at Joan. She had been telling me a tale of a sweetheart she had in her last place. It was the carter. He gave her up because she threw a can of buttermilk over him in a passion. Joan says he was only angry because he happened to have on a clean smock frock; had it been a dirty one, he'd not have minded."

Geoffry laughed.

"Mr. Clanwaring, I must go in. Mamma will be sending after me."

"I saw George Arde to-day," he resumed, paying no attention to the hint—except that he held her hand a little tighter—for it lay in his.

"Oh did you? Where?"

"At Worcester. I went in about the sale of some barley, and met him in High street."

"Did he say anything about Mary?"

"No. Except that she was very delicate just now."

"Polly is always delicate."

"When are you going over there next, Maria?"

"I don't know," she replied in a low, half-conscious tone. For the truth was, that whenever she did go to Worcester, Mr. Geoffry invariably contrived to be there on the self-same day.

Thus they lingered, talking of one thing and another, oblivious of the lapse of time, and Maria continuing to run the risk of being sent for. No one came, however: for the best of all possible reasons—that it was not known she was there. Mrs. Owen and Mary Barber were at work together in the parlor, and Joan did not disturb them to tell of her entrance. The girl, experienced in the matter of sweethearts herself, knew what was what. But the time was really getting on.

"There has been an audacious robbery of gold and silver plate at one of the silversmiths," observed Geoffry, suddenly thinking of it. "Worcester was up in arms: the Bow street runners are down."

"What a pity!" she cried. "I hope the thieves won't come near us. Indeed, Mr. Clanwaring, I must go in doors."

Placing her hand within his arm, he walked with her up the path and round to the front, slowly enough. At the garden gate between the tall holly hedge they halted again. There was not the slightest necessity for this: it was not the way indoors; took them in short a few steps out of it. Perhaps the truth was, that one was just as ready to make an excuse for lingering as the other. The garden shone out fitfully in the night, now bright, now dark: just now it was very dark, for the moon again lay under a large black cloud. Not five minutes since, another large black one had but cleared away.

Very dark. It might have been for that reason that Geoffry Clanwaring, leaning forward on the gate, threw his protecting arm round Maria, and drew her close to him.

"I *must* go in," she whispered.

For answer, he turned up the sweet face, so lovely in its frilled scarlet hood, and took a kiss from the cherry lips. A kiss; and then another.

"Oh Mr. Clanwaring!"

"Now you shall go in, my darling—as it must be."

The moon came out of her canopy bright as gold, flooding the garden and trees and house with her light. There ensued another minute of lingering. It was broken in upon by Mr. Owen himself. He saw his daughter run in; he saw Geoffry standing there: and he seized on the opportunity to say what it had been in his mind to say for some few days past. Namely: that, though his house was pleased and proud to receive the visits of its landlord's son, there must be no approach to intimacy with Maria.

"I understand," said Geoffry, after a pause. "Would you object to me, Mr. Owen?"

"Somebody else would sir; and that's quite enough for me," was Robert Owen's answer.

"Who else would?"

"Mr. Clanwaring, you must know who, better than I can tell you. Your father, Sir Dene."

"Maria is one that a prince might be proud to wed," said Geoffry in his foolish impulsiveness.

Upon that, Mr. Owen spoke; and very sensibly. Unequal marriages never did good in the end, he said. Moreover he could not, and would not, have both his daughters wedding above their proper station.

"Your elder daughter has not wedded above her station," said Geoffry, respectfully.

"Indeed but she has, sir. You must see it for yourself."

"I'm sure George Arde is poor enough, Mr. Owen."

"Too poor. But he's a gentleman. And—suppose he were ever to come into Arde Hall? Not that there's much chance of it."

"Not a bit of chance. Old Arde says he shall never leave it to either kith or kin—the old skinflint! It would be a jolly good thing for George Arde and his wife if they got it."

"Well, I had rather Polly had married in her own station—a farmer, say, as I am. But, in regard to you, Mr. Clanwaring, there must be no thought of anything of the kind. Your father would never forgive you."

"If my father approved, would you approve, Mr. Owen?"

"Pardon me, sir, but that's a useless question to go into. Sir Dene never would approve."

"You can answer it for my own satisfaction," returned Geoffry, his pleasant, good-natured eyes going out beseechingly to the farmer's. "If things were smoothed for it in other quarters, and Sir Dene were willing, do you think well enough of me to give me Maria?"

"Yes, I do," was the honest answer. "I like you very much. But that's all beside the question, Mr. Clanwaring, as you well know, and we must go back to the starting point. There must be no thought of intimacy between you and Maria. If I saw an approach to anything of the sort, sir, I should feel that it lay in my duty to Sir Dene to forbid you my premises."

"Very well; perhaps you are right," answered Geoffry, slowly coming to reason. "I confess that I do like Maria; very much: but I should not care to bring trouble upon anybody; least of all, on my father. Time may alter things. Good-night, Owen."

"You are not offended with me for speaking, Mr. Clanwaring?" said the farmer, as he met Geoffry's offered hand.

"Offended! Indeed no. You have only done what a straightforward man would do. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Geoffry Clanwaring set off on the run. He had told the gamekeeper to "go on slowly" and he would catch up with him. They had a matter of business in hand to-night in the village—of which he had lost sight while lingering with Maria. At the corner which bounded the lane he halted for a moment, half inclined to turn along the road to the right and dash down the pathway opposite the Dene gates. But, as he knew the keeper had taken the long road—for he had to call at the farrier's, and might be waiting there—he went straight on.

A rather lonely, rather narrow, and very hilly road, this. It was but a cross-country road at best; no stage-coaches passed on it. Geoffry went up one hill and down another; the way insensibly winding round always towards the village. In fact, to go from a given point, say the entrance to Arde Hall, right round to Hurst Leet, the highway described a horse-shoe, a circuit of two miles. At the corner of the lower turning, which brought the village straight onwards in the distance, stood the premises of the farrier and horse doctor. Cole was at work in the shed: and Geoffry went to it.

"Has Simmons been here, Cole?"

"Yes, sir; about half an hour ago. He called in to say that one of the horses be ill, and I am to be up the first thing in the morning."

"Mind you are. It's Sir Dene's hunter. Good-night."

He went straight on to the village now, passing sundry dwellings, most of them laborers', on either side the road, and arrived at Hurst Leet. Simmons, however, was not to be found anywhere, and Geoffry Clanwaring had had a fruitless walk.

But it has afforded us an opportunity of seeing the road that Sir Dene was waging warfare with. That he was projecting this new cutting to avoid—to be called henceforward, as the reader will find, Dene Hollow.

CHAPTER II.

SIR DENE.

A fair scene. None fairer throughout this, the fairest of all the Midland counties. Winter had turned. The blue of the sky was unbroken; it was the first day of real spring.

Standing on a somewhat elevated road was a group of gentlemen, talking earnestly and noting critically the points of the landscape immediately around. They stood with their backs to the iron gates of the lodge; gates that gave admittance to a winding avenue leading up to a fine old seat, Beechhurst Dene. Before them—the ground descending slightly, so that they looked down on it and saw all the panorama—were sunny plains and groves of towering trees, and sparkling rivulets; a farm-house here and there imparting life to the picture. The little village of Hurst Leet lay across, somewhat towards the right, as they gazed. Beyond it, at two or three miles' distance, was the city of Worcester, its cathedral very conspicuous on this clear day, as well as the tapering spire of St. Andrew.

A quick walker, taking the fields and the stiles, that is, direct as the crow flies, might walk to the village of Hurst Leet in ten minutes from the lodge gates of Beechhurst Dene. But if he went by the road, it would take him very considerably longer, for it was a round-about way, part of it very hilly. The question, occupying these gentlemen, was, whether a straighter and nearer road should not be cut, chiefly for the accommodation of the family residing at Beechhurst Dene.

The chief of the group was Beechhurst Dene's owner—Sir Dene Clanwaring. By the Clanwaring family—and consequently by others—it was invariably pronounced Clannering. Sir Dene was a tall, fine man of fifty years; his features were noble and commanding, his complexion was fresh and healthy. He was of fairly good family, but nothing *very* great or grand, and had won his baronetcy for himself after making his fortune in India. He was a brave man, had won fame as well as money, and at a comparatively early age he returned home for good, with a large fortune and a baronetcy. People told fabulous tales of his wealth—augmenting it to a few millions. He himself could have testified that it was about six thousand pounds a year, all told.

Looking out, on his return from India, for some desirable place to settle down in for life, chance directed Sir Dene Clanwaring to Beechhurst Dene. He purchased it at once, entailing it on his eldest son, John Ingram Clanwaring, and his heirs forever.

Shortly after entering into possession of it, his wife, Lady Clanwaring, died. Sir Dene—standing there in the road before us to-day—is in deep mourning. It is worn for her. He was very fond of her and the loss was keenly felt. Close by his side, is his second son, Geoffry; a tall, fair, golden-haired, pleasant-looking young fellow, who is in black also. Near to them, bends an old and curious-looking little man, very thin and undersized; his hard features are pinched, his few gray hairs scanty. It is Squire Arde of the Hall. He wears a suit of pepper-and-salt; breeches, waistcoat, gaiters, and coat; with silver knee and shoe-buckles, and a white beaver hat. Over his clothes, is a drab great coat, but the Squire has thrown it quite back, and it seems to lodge on the tips of his narrow shoulders. The only other individual, completing the party, is Jonathan Drew, Sir Dene's bailiff; a hard man also, but a faithful, trustworthy servant. Sir Dene took him from the previous owner of Beechhurst Dene, Mr. Honeythorn, and had already found his value. Drew managed the land and the tenants well; though complaints were murmured of his severity. He was turned sixty; a lean maypole of a man, in a long fustian coat and high-crowned brown hat, looking altogether not unlike a scarecrow in a corn field. The bailiff was uncommonly ugly; and appeared at the present moment more so than usual, from an access of ill-temper; which is plainly perceptible, as he addresses his master.

"'Make my duty to Sir Dene, Mr. Drew, please, and tell him that I can't be turned out of my house nohow; I've got the paper,' says she to me. 'Then why don't you produce the paper, Mrs. Barber?' says I. 'Cause I can't find it, sir; I've mislaid it,' goes on she. 'Mislaid what you've never had,' says I, as I flung away from her. And she never did have it, Sir Dene," wound up Drew; "don't you believe it, sir. Obstinate old granny."

"When she sees that there are other cottages to be had; when she knows that it will be to the advantage of all her neighbors, I must say that I think it is unreasonable of her to refuse to go out," remarked Sir Dene, his brow contracted, his face severe just then. Accustomed all his life to command, he brooked not opposition to his will.

"Unreasonable, Sir Dene!" echoed Drew. "It's a sight worse nor unreasonable: it's vicious."

The new road, that Sir Dene purposed making, had been the subject of much planning and consideration between himself and his agent, Drew. One or two sites had been thought of; but the best attainable was one that would open nearly immediately opposite his own gates. The line that would have to be cut through was his own property, every field of it, every hedge; and a foot-pathway, for a part of the road, seemed to point out its desirability. If they cut in this line, it would be at quite a third less cost, both as to money and trouble, than any other. Naturally Sir Dene wished it to be fixed upon; and Drew, who was red-hot on the new scheme, knowing it must improve the property, would not tolerate any complaints against it.

But there was an obstacle. About a hundred yards down the path just mentioned, stood a cottage of the better class: a dwelling of five rooms, with masses of yellow jessamine climbing up its outer walls. It had once belonged to a small farmer-proprietor of the name of Barber. He had died in early life, leaving a widow and two daughters. He had died in hopeless debt. The widow and daughters took immediate steps to extricate themselves and uphold their late father's integrity. The cottage with the bit of land attaching it was sold to Mr. Honeythorn, then the owner of Beechhurst Dene, who had been long wishing to possess it. Widow Barber remained in the occupancy of the dwelling and one field as tenant, paying an easy yearly rent: and she said that Mr. Honeythorn had given her a paper, or covenant, promising that she should not be turned out while she lived.

To make the road in the track contemplated by Sir Dene, this cottage would have to come down, for the line ran right through it. Drew, acting for Sir Dene, served Mrs. Barber with a formal notice to quit. Mrs. Barber met it by a verbal refusal (civilly and tearfully delivered.) Matters therefore stood at this point: and Mrs. Barber retained the notice to quit at Lady-Day—which was fast approaching.

The affair had vexed Sir Dene; it was at length beginning to enrage him. Fully persuaded—partly by Drew, partly by the fact of absolute non-evidence—that no such right had ever been conceded to the widow Barber, he could not see why the old woman's obstinacy should be let stand in the way of his plans. One dwelling-house was surely as good for her as another! But he had not fully decided on this thing: he was standing out there now, talking it over with his son and Drew, with a view to arrive at some decision. Squire Arde had come up accidentally.

"It would be but the work of a month or two," cried Sir Dene in his enthusiasm, standing with arms on the fence, and looking across the village. "See, Mr. Arde, it seems but a stone's throw."

"And nothing in the way of it but that dratted cottage!" put in Jonathan Drew.

Geoffry Clanwaring was sending his good-natured blue eyes roving here and there in the landscape, apparently in thought. Presently he addressed his father.

"Would it not be possible, sir, to carry the cutting a few yards on this side, (moving his right hand), and so leave the cottage standing?"

"No," replied Sir Dene. "The road shall be cut straight; or not at all."

"If you was to make a in-and-out road, like a dog's leg, as good stick to the old un, Mr. Geoffry," spoke up Drew. "Besides, there'd be the stream in the way lower down. No; there ain't no line but this—and Sir Dene 'll hardly let a pig-headed old widow stand in the light of it."

"There's the smoke a sprouting out of her chimney," struck in Squire Arde—who in familiar life was not very particular in his mode of speech.

"A biling of her pot for dinner!" cried Drew. "Miserable old cat!"

"I mind me that something was said about that paper at the time," resumed the Squire.

"What paper?" asked Sir Dene, sharply.

"The one given her by Honeythorn."

Sir Dene drew a long breath. He would never have committed an injustice in the teeth of facts.

"*Was* such a paper given to her?"

"I don't know myself," replied Squire Arde, gazing out at the smoke with his watery eyes. "Some talk on't was abroad, but it might ha' been all lies. Drew, here, ought to know which way 'twas."

"I've told Sir Dene which way 'twas—that there warn't none," spoke Drew, tilting his hat up on his bald head.

"Well, I must be going," observed the Squire. "I've got a goose to pluck with Black, up at the Trailing Indian. He was seen in my woods a night or two ago: and he'll have to tell me the reason why."

Drew threw back his long neck in a kind of mockery. "If you can keep Randy Black out o' your woods, Squire, you'll be cleverer nor other people."

"Well, I'm going up to him to have a try at it," was the old man's answer. "Good day to ye, Sir Dene."

"A moment yet, Squire Arde," said the baronet, detaining him. "Tell me truly what your opinion on this subject is. Should I turn the old woman out, or not?"

But the curious little man seemed to shrink into himself at the question; to become smaller than ever, if that were possible, as he avoided Sir Dene with a shake of the head.

"No, no, Sir Dene Clanwaring—no good to ask *me*. I've lived long enough to know that to thrust one's finger into one's neighbor's pie brings often nothing but heart-burning in the long run. If I said to you 'turn her out,' and you came to repent of it later, why you'd lay the blame on me. 'Arde advised me' you'd be muttering to yourself night and morning, and give me anything but a blessing. Take t'other view. If I said to you '*Don't* turn her out; make the road elsewhere,' and you took the advice, you'd be ever hankering after this track that you'd missed. The cottage would become an eyesore: you'd call yourself a fool, and a double fool, to have been guided by old Arde. No, no. You must act upon your own judgment, Sir Dene; not mine. It's nothing to me. The old roads have done for me my time, and they'll do to the end. Good day."

He moved away with brisk steps towards the left, stooping forward, as was his wont. Another minute, and there met him three individuals: a gentleman and two young ladies. At least, if not a gentleman, at the first sight he looked like one. It was Robert Owen; a farmer who had but recently come to live in the neighborhood, renting a farm of Sir Dene's. He was of notable appearance. Sir Dene was a handsome man, but not so handsome as Robert Owen. He would have been of distinguished presence amidst kings. Of noble height, slender and upright, his face, with its clearly-cut features of the highest type, its pure complexion bright even yet as a woman's, and its very dark blue eyes, presented a picture beautiful to look upon. But what caused him to be more remarkable than aught else, was the fact that he had a soft, silvery white beard, falling over his white top coat: and in those days beards were very uncommon. In years he might have numbered about as many as Sir Dene. His two daughters had inherited his beauty—but not his height. Lovely girls they were, with dimpled, blushing cheeks, and of modest, simple, retiring manners, generally called, both in this neighborhood and the one they had left, "the pretty Miss Owens." Mary, the elder of them, had been a wife for some months now: George Arde, a relative of the Squire's, had married her. Maria, the younger, was Miss Owen still.

"How do ye do, Owen?" cried the Squire, carelessly.

Robert Owen touched his hat as he answered that he was well—and "hoped the Squire was." None could be more sensible than he of the social distance that lay between him and Squire Arde: he was but a humble, working farmer. The young ladies stood blushing; Mary not venturing to speak, unless the Squire should first notice her. They wore hooded scarlet cloaks, the fashion in those days, and white straw gipsy hats, their beautiful brown hair falling in curls underneath.

"It's you, is it!" cried he, nodding to Mary. "How's George?"

"He's quite well, thank you, sir," she replied, with a slight curtsey.

"Over here?"

"No, sir. He is at home. My father came into Worcester yesterday and brought me back: my mother's not well. George is coming over for me to-morrow."

With a slight general nod from the Squire, to which the young ladies curtsied and the farmer again touched his hat, they pursued their respective ways. The footsteps caused Sir Dene and his party to turn their heads, which were still bent over the fence. Jonathan Drew vouchsafed an ungracious nod to the farmer; Sir Dene a more pleasant one; but Geoffry Clanwaring went up, spoke cordially to the farmer in his free, good-natured way, and shook hands with Mrs. Arde and Maria Owen.

It was a slight episode. They went on, and Mr. Clanwaring returned to the fence again.

But Sir Dene had become tired of standing still; perhaps a little tired of his indecision. Saying something about business at Hurst Leet, he suddenly turned alone down the narrow path before-mentioned—which would take him straight by the cottage in dispute.

Perhaps few cottages could boast less of a look-out. This had none. The door nearly abutted on the path; certainly there was not more than a yard and a half of ground between: but that little space was redolent of sweet-scented gillyflowers. On the other side the path, the bank rose as perpendicularly as though it had been a cutting; a high bank, whose elm trees, towering above it, threw the shadow of their branches over the cottage roof. This fine grove of trees—which began at the top of the path, opposite Sir Dene's gates—was the pride of Sir Dene's heart. He'd not have had any one of the trees cut down for the world. The cottage, as Sir Dene walked, lay on his right hand, the bank and trees on his left. The door was standing open as he passed, and he caught a vision of a plump old woman inside it in gray stockings, who was stooping to skim a pan of cream in the passage.

"Old mother Barber," said Sir Dene to himself.

"Old mother Barber," hearing the footsteps, looked up. When she saw whose they were, a tremor, as if an ice-shaft darted through her heart, took her, and she ran into her kitchen like a frightened hare. She wore a short black gown of rough flannel cloth, its sleeves cut off at the elbow; a cotton print handkerchief crossed upon her shoulders, the ends, back and front, confined under her check apron, and a mob-cap tied round with black ribbon, the bow in front. What little hair could be seen, was gray. A cleanly-looking, but timorous old woman, five or six years past seventy. To be turned out of the cottage, in which she had been born, and had lived all her life, seemed to her the very worst evil that could by any possibility fall on her in this world. The old cling to their resting-places; and it is in the nature of age to exaggerate evils.

"Lord be good to me!" she murmured, her hands crossed upon her bosom, that was beating so fast underneath the cotton handkerchief. "Let not my poor homestead be 'reft from me while I live!"

Her glance fell on her cherished out-door belongings: on the one pig in the stye; on the cow in the meadow, by whose produce, the milk, she was helped to live; on the patch of cabbage and potato ground. The brook, winding along nearly close to her back door (and which brook perhaps caused Sir Dene's difficulty in regard to taking the road a few yards further off, as his son had suggested, for the water, widening into a stream lower down to feed the mill, might not be interfered with) was dancing in the sun, its gentle murmurings falling lightly on the ear. Time had been when that murmuring soothed her to peace: latterly, since this horrible fear had oppressed her, it seemed to suggest nothing but woe. Suddenly, another sound drowned it—a sharp knock as with a stick at the front door. Looking out of her kitchen, she saw Sir Dene.

And whether she stood on her head or her heels, the poor woman could not have told had she lived to be a hundred. The sight scared her senses away. At the most favorable of times, and when she was a younger woman, she would have been struck into incapability at the presence of a great man like Sir Dene Clanwaring: regarding him now as a powerful enemy, it increased the feeling ten-fold. Saying he had stepped back to speak to her, he walked, of his own accord, into the open small front room, or parlor; which had a sanded floor, and a bright-painted tea-tray lodged against the side wall for ornament. She followed him in, curtseying and shaking visibly. Without any circumlocution, Sir Dene inquired whether she was in the possession of the paper that she professed to be.

What with the abrupt question and its nature, what with her own startled fears, and her innate timidity, Mrs. Barber behaved like a lunatic. She could get out no answer at all. When it did come, it was strangely hesitating, and given in a whisper. She "believed" she had got such a paper somewhere—and she hoped "his honor" would not be hard upon her.

Sir Dene Clanwaring curled his lip. An honorable man himself, he regarded deception as the worst fault on earth. This old woman before him was shaking from head to foot; her speech and manner were alike uncertain, and he believed she was telling him a falsehood. From that moment, he regarded the plea she had put forth, not as a mistake on her part, but a pure invention.

"Look here, Mrs. Barber," he said sternly. "The road I purpose making will be of great benefit to myself and the public: it ought not to be stopped by any private interests. If you have the paper you speak of, bring it to me, and I will consider it—though I do not promise, and do not at present intend, mind, to be swayed by it. This is Tuesday: if, on Friday, I have not the paper before me, I shall give orders for the work to go on. Lady-Day will fall about a week afterwards: and I must request that you will be out of this on or before that day shall come. Good-morning, ma'am."

She closed the door after him with trembling hands, when he had got to a proper distance. And then she sat down on the nearest seat—which happened to be a milk-pail turned bottom upwards—and wiped her face with her apron.

Sir Dene went on down the path. As he was passing the village stocks (used often then), the village doctor, James Friar—a little man in spectacles, who looked ten years older than his real age, which was but thirty—crossed his path.

"Have you decided about the new road, Sir Dene?" he asked, when they had talked for a minute or two.

"Yes; in a week's time from this you will see it begun," was the baronet's firm answer, as he pursued his way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Early strawberries and early mosquitoes, it is said, are abundant in Norfolk, Virginia.

☞ A Bostonian visiting England, a short time ago, was inquired of in London "if the Indians in Boston worshipped at the same churches as the white residents?"

☞ A writer in the *Christian Union*, "fears that the pulpit does not get its fair proportion of the ablest men, as compared with the other professions."

☞ Californians report that many of their small birds have been shot or poisoned, and that, seemingly as a consequence, many kinds of insects, before unknown or unobserved, have abounded in the coast valleys, and have done much injury in the gardens, vineyards, and grainfields.

☞ There is a man in Florida, who, since the war, has walked all over Europe, Central America, Mexico, and every state and territory in these United States—in all 21,268 miles. He proposes to continue his perambulations until he has walked 25,000.

☞ An incident, which the *Boston Herald* thinks was "amusing," occurred at one of the Fall River grammar schools on Friday last, when a new teacher assumed supervision over the school. After recess in the afternoon, a little girl came to him and complained that a boy had been pointing a pistol at her feet. The teacher then requested all boys having pistols to come forward, and five boys came to the desk with pistols in their pockets, capped and loaded with shot.

☞ Fashion has decreed that small waists are no longer stylish. A reasonable slope is of course desirable, but a wasp-waist is to be found nowhere but in remote country districts. To see a woman with a pinched waist immediately proclaims her ignorance of what is what.

☞ The Governor of Massachusetts went down to take a look into the Hoosac Tunnel the other day, and a venerable farmer, if we may credit the Boston *Transcript*, addressed him thus: "I have lived hereabouts, off and on, about forty years, and my opinion is, that of I was the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and I hadn't gone into't, I wouldn't go into't. But of I had gone into't and got as fur as you hev, my opinion is that I dun'no what I should do about it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

DENE HOLLOW.

We commence in the present number this deeply interesting story, by the author of "East Lynne." It will probably run about five months.

This is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Besides "Dene Hollow," we have a number of fine stories on hand, long and short, which we shall lay before our readers as rapidly as possible.

THE WEST WISCONSIN RAILWAY BONDS.—We call attention to the advertisement of these Bonds on our 7th page. It is urged on their behalf that "they bear a high rate of interest in gold, they are sold at an unusually low price, and their principal is payable in gold at the end of only fifteen years. In addition to this they are based upon a road which is not merely a future possibility, but which is already nearly finished, and whose success is demonstrated."

Personally we know nothing of these bonds, but it might be worth the while of such of our readers as have money to invest, to examine into their merits.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In all the states of the Union the number of illiterate persons is greater among females than males.

It is proposed, in view of the approaching centennial, to restore Independence Hall to its original condition and appearance, or as near thereto as is practicable.

Despite all reports to the contrary the fruit crop, especially peaches, in most localities promises an unusual yield.

A late despatch announces that Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, is alive and well. He appears to be remarkably active for a person who has been a hundred times reported dead, and has had about three times that number of obituary notices written for him.

At a recent meeting of the American Anti-Usury Society held in New York, resolutions were adopted denouncing the exacting of exorbitant interest money, and affirming that it was a violation of divine law, a cause of crime and degradation, and dangerous to the financial integrity of the country.

"No Man as Rich as all Men Ought to Be."

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

A great many of the sudden fortunes made by the war were the results of the development of new sources of national wealth. Petroleum, for instance, in spite of all the rascalities connected with it, has grown, since the war began, from comparatively nothing to an annual product of some thirty millions; and to the future historian of our society no story will be more significant than that told of the young woman, who, being reproved by a despairing lover for rejecting him three days after she had pledged to him her heart and hand, answered lightly, "Why, since I accepted you, dad's struck ile!" Now the "dads" that strike "ile" are infinitely of more importance to the country than the dandies who set fashions. There is a wretched cant current in certain circles, which professes a kind of sentimental horror of the material advancement of the nation at the expense of its intellectual progress; but it will be generally found that this genteel contempt of wealth is one of the luxuries of the rich, and is drawled out by *blases* in purple, not by workers in homespun. Seneca, with two millions out at usury, can afford to chant the praises of poverty; but for our own part, we prefer the fine extravagance of that philosopher, who declared "that no man was as rich as all men ought to be." For what does competency, in the long run mean? It means, to all reasonable beings, cleanliness of person, decency of dress, courtesy of manners, opportunities of education, the delights of leisure, and the bliss of giving.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A CHICAGO youth fell in love with a Colorado maid, whose father was so opposed to the proceedings that he drove the young man from his house with wrath and a revolver. Upon this the earnest youth had the stern parent arrested for threatening his life; and when the old gentleman was safely locked up, by the judicious use of a ten-dollar bill, he induced the same justice of the peace who had imprisoned the father, to marry him to the daughter. This done, the old man was brought up for trial, when he concluded to swap forgiveness with his enterprising son-in-law, who thereupon magnanimously withdrew his complaint.

☞ "A young lady," in a rural "personal," informs "a certain young man that the next time he desires to gaze upon her forty-five mortal minutes, without winking his eyes, she will consider herself highly favored if he will close his mouth, and not sit there like a young robin awaiting the parent bird."

☞ The United States export to England and Cuba large quantities of gold pencil cases.

☞ There are large asphaltum beds within six miles of Austin, Texas, and it may be seen cropping out on the river banks.

☞ Defiance, Ohio, has a family containing five doctors—a father and his four sons—each of the five being over six feet in height.

☞ Said a little four-year old: "Mother, father won't be in Heaven with us, will he?" "Why, my child?" "Because he can't leave the store."

☞ Judge M. M. Cassidy, formerly editor of the *True Kentuckian*, and late county judge of Montgomery, has opened a blacksmith shop in Mt. Sterling.

☞ The Great Barrington *Courier*, says: "Somebody wants to send us three dozen bottles of some kind of restorer for the hair, 'and take it out in advertising.' We beg to decline, because we haven't got the hair to spare, and can't consent to 'take it out,' just for the sake of advertising the method of restoration."

What Charlie Griffiths Paid for His Company.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Blessington Smithson's party was the party of the season. Mrs. Blessington Smithson had determined to outdo herself, and was accordingly outdone. There was music in the drawing-room, and cards in the library, and croquet on the lawn, and coffee in the conservatory, and great local guns everywhere. There was music instrumental, and music vocal—a professional "double-bass" (local), and a professional violin from town. There was a gentleman with long hair, who sang comic songs without pressing; and a lady who sang Italian with an Irish accent, with pressing, and who, on the strength of having sung in a chorus at a London concert, was looked upon as semi-professional, and gave herself airs; and there were young ladies and young men, and old ladies and old men, all of whom sang or did not sing, gathered together to add to the glories of Mrs. Blessington Smithson's party. Yet the whole affair was very stupid. Laura found it so, and Charlie found it much more so, even though he had got pretty little Evelyn James all to himself in the garden, and his wife had just elicited quite a gentle storm of applause by the singing of "Claribel's" last. Even Captain Clements, who frequented these places on principle, found it slow, and was glad when an empty seat beside Laura gave him an opportunity of expressing his opinion.

"You look bored to death, Mrs. Griffiths," he said. "It is rather stupid; but I never expected anything else. After the way you sung that last song, you at least should not complain of stupidity."

"Oh, as to that, Captain Clements, I always forget everything when I sing—I can think of nothing but the music then."

"You are very enthusiastic."

"Why not? Are not you, when anything pleases you?"

"O yes, of course. Don't you feel it very warm here?"

"Not very. Do you?"

"Yes. I was going to propose a stroll in the garden. Are you afraid of the change?"

"Not at all. Wait till this poor woman has scrambled through her effusion, and we will go."

In a few minutes the effusion was finished, and they went out into the garden. Passing the summer-house, Laura caught the sound of voices through the roses.

"Of course I love her; why should I not?" said one that sent the blood back from her heart with a rush.

"Because you told me so once, and I believed you," pleaded the other.

"Evelyn, dear, you know that I was obliged—" But the rest of the sentence was lost as they moved on.

"Captain Clements," said Laura hurriedly, "take me home; I'm not feeling well. No; thank you; I'll not wait for Captain Griffiths. We can get out through the gate here. Please, take me away at once;" and she drew him along the path towards the garden-gate, and so into the street, before he had time to inquire what all the hurry was about. They had an uncomfortable walk home, Laura's silence or short answers to the captain's remarks only increasing his wonder at the sudden change in her. He felt, as he remarked afterwards, that there was a screw loose somewhere, but where the wanting screw fitted, he could not for the life of him tell. The words that had agitated Laura so painfully had been unheard by him, the apparition of a dainty little foot ahead in the act of croqueting a fallen foe having been quite enough to engross his faculties at the time; and so he was utterly in the dark as to what had happened, and was not sorry when Laura wished him "good-by" at her door, and left him at liberty to stroll back and finish out the afternoon with "Fairy-foot" at croquet.

"O Captain Griffiths, we've been looking for you everywhere," cried Mrs. Blessington Smithson a little later. "We can't find your wife anywhere. What have you done with her?"

"My wife! isn't she here?" replied Charlie. "I don't think she has left. I saw her last talking to Captain Clements; I'll go and ask him;" and he strolled off for the desired information.

"Gone! Clements," he cried, when that officer told him. "What a queer girl she is. Why could not she ask me to see her home?" And then he went back to the hostess, and made what excuses he could for his wife; and soon after took leave himself, and hurried home to find out what was the matter.

His wife's door was fastened when he knocked at it.

"Who is that?" said Laura's voice inside.

"It's me!" cried Charlie, forgetting his grammar. "Why have you locked the door, dear?"

"Because I wish to be alone."

"Nonsense, Laura. Let me in. Clements told me you were not well, so I've come back to see if there is anything I can get for you."

"No; you cannot: I don't want anything."

These were the first words of the kind that either of them had heard since their wedding, and consequently they fell somewhat heavily on Charlie's heart; but he bit his lips, and, determined to conceal his annoyance, made another effort.

"Is there nothing I can get for you, Laura?" he asked.

"No."

"Won't you let me in? I might be able to do you good."

"No. I don't want you. I wish you would go away."

"Confound her temper!" growled Charlie, now fairly losing his. "What the deuce is up with her? I'm not going to bother about her any more, if she does not choose to be civil;" and he stumped down stairs, and off to the club, in a very bitter state of mind indeed. There he lost three "pools" running, and played so savagely, that the other players stared in wonder at the usually easy-tempered man, and after one or two attempts at conversation, left him alone, and spoke to him as seldom as possible.

At dinner that evening Laura sent down word that she was not well, and had gone to bed; so Charlie had to dine by himself, eating fast, so as to get it over; and then he clapped on his hat and went out. At the club-door he met Clements.

"How is Mrs. Griffiths now?" said the latter.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I say, Clem., something's wrong there. What is it all about? What did she say to you at Smithson's?"

Clements told him all he knew of the matter, which did not enlighten Charlie much, and then they both went up-stairs.

"Perhaps," thought Charlie, "she's annoyed at my talking to little Evy James. Hang it! she needn't be jealous of her. Every fellow in the place spoons Evy. I might just as well get jealous of Clem. Well, women are queer creatures, and no mistake!" with which sage conclusion to his perplexities, he determined not to think any more of them till he got home, and was soon deep in the mysteries of "blue upon black, yellow's your player." But when he got in, Laura was asleep; and so there was no opportunity of opening the subject till breakfast-time next morning, and then the servants interrupted them so often, and Laura was so silent, and looked so dreadfully ill-used, that it was some time before he summoned up courage to speak. "Laura," he said at last, "what is this which has come up between you and me? Why cannot you tell me? I can't know how I have offended till you tell me what it is."

"Oh, you know very well," said Laura pettishly; "and if you don't, that Miss James can tell you."

"Oh, then, it is about Evy after all. You're surely not jealous of her, Laura?"

"Evy, indeed!" said Laura, growing very pale. "It is a pity, as you are both so fond of each other, that you did not marry her instead of me."

"Come, I say, Laura, this is carrying it a little too far. I just chaff for a few minutes with a girl I have known half my life, and you are ready to jump down my throat about it. I don't like it; it's not fair of you at all."

"And it's not fair of you," retorted his wife hysterically, "to tell that girl what you did when you are married. If you are tired of me already, you needn't go telling people you only married me because you were obliged. It's a great shame, that it is, and I won't put up with it. It's your place to love me, and no one else; and if you don't love me, I'll go back to my uncle, and never, never speak to you again!" and she burst into such a passion of sobs that Charlie was fairly frightened, and forgetting his rising anger, put his arms round her neck, and in his great clumsy way did all he could to put matters straight. But Laura was not to be comforted. The thought of Evy James taking her own peculiar place in Charlie's affections, let it be ever so small a corner, was a bitter pill to swallow easily; and so, although he succeeded in calming her sobs and reproaches, still it was but too plain that the words Laura had overheard had deeply wounded her, and that the truce now patched up between them would be of no very lasting character, on her side at least.

To say that Charlie was hurt at this outbreak would be but a mild way of expressing his feelings. Their engagement had been too short to give him an opportunity of judging what his future wife's temper or character was, and now that the truth had come upon him most unmistakably, and so early in his married life, it was doubly painful. That he had spoken the words which Laura had heard, was true enough; but that their sense had been very much misunderstood, was equally so.

Evelyn James was one of those pretty childlike girls who, from their very childishness, become the pets of society, and receive as such the attentions of every man of their acquaintance, without a thought entering the gentleman's head that the great fuzzy mass of curls brushing so daintily against his coat belongs to a young lady quite old enough, and more than willing, to receive his admiration most seriously. As to his words touching the obligation to be married, Laura had unfortunately heard too little; the remainder of the sentence, a tribute, laughingly expressed, to his love for her, and the obligation it placed him under to marry the one he loved best, having been lost in the excitement of the moment. And Laura was not a woman to listen to explanations: she had got it into her head that Charlie had only married her for her money; and with an obstinacy partly natural, and very much fostered by some half-dozen years of uncontrol, she intended to keep it there.

So Charlie found all his clumsy, good-natured schemes for reconcilement fall flat, or only meet with just sufficient response to prevent the breach opening afresh with renewed bitterness. All day long this state of things continued, till he was only too glad when Laura pleaded a headache, as an excuse for giving up her afternoon walk, and he was able to slip out and join his friends at the mess.

"Hollo, Griff.!" shouted a chorus of voices as he opened the door, "heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"Why, two companies ordered to Ireland, and yours is one: I saw the letter in the orderly-room not ten minutes ago; you must have passed it on your way up."

Charlie stuck both hands in his pockets and gave vent to his feelings in a long whistle; then he clapped on his hat again, and without noticing the enjoyment his discomfiture caused, strode across to the orderly-room. He found the adjutant, Jones of the large family, in the grimy little place, surrounded by piles of blue big-margined documents, plentifully spattered with red tape, poring over the largest of them to the running accompaniment of the sergeant-major's mechanical voice, dictating the evening "orders" in the adjoining room.

It was a dismal squeezed-up place, with cobwebs in the corners, and an exasperating clock ticking the regulation time over a chilly scrap of fire of regulation coal, in a regulation grate, presided over by a huge regulation poker of the most bloated proportions. There were ink-splashes on the floor, and ink-stains on the unwholesome colored paper, and an inky look-out over chimney-tops from the cramped little window; and nests of pigeon-holes in battered iron-clamped cases, replete with more red splattered papers, a pile of regulation books on the top, their martial tint dim and dingy with thumb-marks and age; and there was an arm-chair for the colonel, and a barrack-chair for the adjutant, both ink-stained and shiny with use, a regulation deal-table, a cast-iron coal-box, and a rusty musket standing beside it. A meagre, chilly air pervaded the whole place, not much relieved by the great ornamental V.R.s that sprawled over everything.

Once, in the days of his poverty, Charlie had coveted the seat in that shiny chair, and had spent many bitter hours brooding over the accession of the chosen Jones to its scanty honors and emoluments; but all that was changed now; so he hurried past the uprising orderlies with a kindly nod, and startled poor peering Jones with the energy of his cheery voice as he put his question.

"Yes, your company and Williams's, F. and H. Of course it's a great bore for you: I told the colonel so; but it was your turn for detachment, and he would not hear a word of it. Have you seen the orderly? He's been gone some time. I hope Mrs. Griffiths is quite well?"

"It's a confounded nuisance just now, you see," muttered Charlie, far too deep in his own thoughts to listen to Jones's civilities. "If a fellow had only himself to think of, of course it would not matter. Would there be any chance, if I saw the colonel, d' you think?"

"The colonel has gone to town. But I'm sure it wouldn't be of any use: there's been a lot of grumbling lately about 'duty' and 'married men,' and he is determined to stick to the 'roster' in everything."

"When do we start?" asked Charlie.

"To-morrow, by the four train: you'll catch the Cork boat at Portsmouth the same night. I've put it all in 'orders,' and the 'papers' will be ready at ten to-morrow. The paymaster will settle with you to the end of the month. You'd better see him as soon as you can. And Williams, of course, as the senior, will look after the 'warrants,' so you won't have much bother. I'm really sorry it should annoy you so, Griffiths," added Jones, as Charlie turned sulkily to leave—"indeed I am. I said all I could to the colonel, but you know what he is when he takes a thing into his head."

"Oh, all right, old fellow. It isn't that," said Charlie: "I don't mind it; only, just now, you see, it's so deuced awkward, that's all. Good-night. Thanks for speaking for me. I'll be here at ten to-morrow for the papers;" and he stumped heavily downstairs, past the noisy guard-room and the stiff sentry, and so into the busy streets, home. Laura was working; on the table beside her lay the ominous "official."

"Here's a go, Laura!" burst in Charlie, forgetting in his haste the morning's breeze. "The company's off Fenian-hunting to Ireland to-morrow, and there's no getting out of it."

"Oh!" said Laura very quietly, without looking up.

"We must pack up to-night; the train goes at four to-morrow. Thank goodness, it's only lodgings. Pay up the week, and we are free."

"We must pack up?" said Laura in the same passive tone, with a marked accent on the pronoun. "Surely you don't expect me to go to Ireland?"

"Not go, Laura! Why, are you not my wife?"

"Yes, I am."

"Come, Laura," pleaded Charlie, and plunged down beside her on the hearthrug; "don't go keeping up this sort of thing. You know I'm as sorry as any fellow can be at being so stupid with Evy—Miss James. I don't care an atom for her, and I've told you so ever so many times. How could I, with a dear little wife of my own to love? Laura, dear, don't turn away. I know I'm stupid, and clumsy, and not half what a married fellow should be; but I do love you all the same, hundreds of times more than any girl I ever saw, though I'm perhaps not a good hand at saying it; and I can't bear anything to come between us, even for a day." And he tried to wind his arm round her waist, but the chair-back was in the way; so he took her hand in his, and looked up in her face with such a tender, loving gaze, that had she but seen it, her coldness must have melted for very pity. But she had turned away; the moment passed; and one less chance lay between her and the inevitable.

"I may follow you, by-and-by. Certainly I could not go at present: I wonder you can expect it." Every word seemed calculated, and they fell like ice-drops on her husband's heart.

"Laura, dearest, don't speak so coldly. It hurts me; indeed, it does. I'm not so very bad. I'll do anything, promise anything; only don't treat me so. Speak a kind word—but one; they cost so little, and make me very happy."

"Had not you better get up? The servant might come in."

"And must I really go alone?"

"Yes; I've told you so already."

He stumbled to his feet, and something very like an oath crunched through his teeth.

"Laura!" he said; and he towered above her, giant-like, in his great simplicity—"Laura! you've made a man's heart ache to-day as it never ached before. God send you other thoughts when we meet again. I've loved you as my life; learned each day to love you better; striven to be worthy of the love I coveted, and fondly thought was mine; and now it comes to this. Good-by, Laura. Perhaps when I'm gone, you'll be easier on my faults, and forget them." His voice shook ever so little as he turned to go. Laura heard it, and for the instant her cruel pride failed her, and she started eagerly towards him. But the die was cast; his hand was on the door, and he passed out without a look. A word, a syllable, and his simple, earnest love would have caught her to his heart; but the word came not—and he was gone!

"Clem.," said Griffiths some half-hour afterwards, "ask me to dinner in your room to-night, old boy. I want a chat with you before I go, and it will be quiet there."

"Why, what's up, Griff?" laughed his friend. "You're glum enough to give every ensign in the army the blues."

"Am I?" said Charlie, conjuring up a smile. "Oh, never mind; I didn't know. Let's go up and order dinner;" and he put his arm through his fellow-captain's, and strolled up to the barracks.

The bright fire and natty mess dinner, with its accompanying champagne, made Charlie forget his troubles for the time, and he chatted on with all his wonted ease, as dish after dish was removed, raking up old regimental memories, and cracking well-worn mess jokes in endless series, but not one word of Laura or his married life.

But when the captain's servant made his final exit with the crockery, and stumped his creaking ammunition boots to the regions below, there to make merry with the fragments, Charlie's manner changed of a sudden.

"Clements," he said, laying his hand on the other's arm, "when I joined the regiment, they put me in your company, and I never moved till I got my own—you've been a friend to me all these years, and I've grown to like you better than any other man I know—is it not so?"

"That it is, Charlie," cried Clements, with a huge puff of smoke.

"There's something up between Laura and myself, ever since that cursed Smithson's affair. God knows I've done my best to get over it; but she's a proud girl, and don't like to give in—perhaps when I'm gone she'll think it over, and make it all square—anyway, she wants to stay here, so I go alone."

Clements gave two or three long puffs, to indicate his surprise and disapprobation of this most unwifely conduct, but said nothing.

"Now, what I want you to do, old fellow, is just to look in sometimes to see if she wants anything, or if any of the beggars here are putting on her. I shouldn't like my wife to be done, you know—not that Laura is not a sensible little woman, and has got a good head on her shoulders; but then women are but women—she's young yet, Clem., and has not knocked about much, so you'll drop in now and then, won't you, old boy; and if she says anything about wanting to—to come over to Ireland, why, you'll just see to it like a good fellow, won't you, Clem., for my sake?"

"That I will," said Clements heartily, "with all my heart, and I'm only sorry the pleasure's likely to last so short a time. She'll be over with you in county Cork in a week, depend upon it, Charlie."

"I only wish I could think so," answered Charlie with a sigh; and then he relapsed into silence, gazing vacantly into the fire, till Clements brought out some cards, and sat him him down to écarte.

"Perhaps she'll say something when I wish her good-by," thought Charlie next day, as he clanked along the street toward his house, some half-hour before the train was to start; and his broad face lit up with such a pleasant smile at the thought, that the people turned to look again at the handsome young soldier with the sunny face, till he left a very sunbeam of smiling faces behind him. Even Laura, at the prospect of her husband's departure, had relaxed so much of her iciness as to prepare and fold up a small bundle of very thin sandwiches in a sheet of her gilt monogram paper, and was busily tying them up when his step crossed the hall.

She put the sandwiches hurriedly on the table, and strove hard against her fate; but the pride-demon crept on with irresistible force, and its clutch fell hard and cold on her heart, stifling the good that was there, and covering it all with its cruel shroud.

"Good-by, Laura," he cried, bursting all radiant into the room; "don't bother about coming till you feel up to it; only, don't think I shan't miss you." Then his eyes fell on the packet beside her. "You dear, kind girl!" he exclaimed, and his broad arm was round her neck, and his tawny whiskers sweeping across her cheek. "Bless her! how I do love my wife!"

Will she not tear that fiend from her longing breast, and burst the spell that parts her from her love?

"What! not a kiss before we part, Laura?" he pleaded so tenderly. "Only one to live on till next time."

She held her cold cheek to him, and bore his last caress without a sign.

"Good-by, Laura, good-by!" he said, pressing her to his heart, "good-by!"

And so he went.

Well may she dash aside the curtains, and gaze blindly through the fast welling tears; well may she sink on the seat beside her, and cover her face with her fingers, in all the mute agony of her loneliness. Too late the tears, alone now with her pride—alone!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The peculiar effect of fear is exemplified in the fact, that Mrs. Alfred Acker having died suddenly in Montgomery county, Pa., a hired man in the house was so afraid he might be accused of murdering her, that he hanged himself in the barn.

☞ Cut about an inch and a half off the hind legs of a straight-back chair, and you have one of the most pleasant and comfortable seats imaginable. Don't take what we say for granted, but try the experiment.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8200 bbls Indiana and Ohio family sold at from $5,25@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $6,75@7,25 for Northwest family; and $8@9,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—25,000 bushels sold at $1,55@1,63 for Ohio red; $1,57@1,60 for Indiana red; $1,40@1,55 for Penna red; $1,60@1,68 for amber. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 73c@76c for Western mixed, and Penna yellow at 77@78c ₱ bus. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus at 62@64c ₱ bus for mixed and 65@66c ₱ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $17,50@18, and extra prime at $15,00; Mess Beef at $20@23 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $29@30 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15@16c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 9½@11c, and shoulders at 8c.—Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13½c; sides at 9c, and shoulders, in salt, at 6½@7c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tierces at 11½@11¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@15c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 28@30c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 16@18c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 14@15c ₱ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 14¾c ₱ lb for upland, and 15¾@15¾c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32½@33c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 13@14c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $5@6,50 ₱ bbl.

HOPS—Sales at 7@15c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed do, $1,05@1,10; straw, $1,30@1,40.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 1200 tons of No 1 Lehigh grade at $25 ₱ ton; 700 tons of No 2 at $23; and 500 tons of Grey Forge at $22,50 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $34@35 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—100 bus sold, at 8@8¼c ₱ lb. Timothy is quoted at $5@6. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 4@8¼ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@8½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $7 to $9 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"Having used one for more than ten years, I am happy to say that the Grover & Baker Machine is the best for family use, in the market. For durability it cannot be surpassed, as will be seen in the fact that mine has required no repairs, though almost constantly in use."

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sends his **"Family Physician,"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

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may13-1y

Space forbids our stating particulars. If persons of either sex want business—honest, lucrative, light, and pleasant—at or near home—to occupy their whole or spare time, address, stating where you saw this, J. E. RICHARDSON & Co., Boston, Mass. ap29-6t

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

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ap22-1f

Poisonous Medicines.

The theory that the virus of disease can be safely counteracted by doses of poison, is false and dangerous. Within the last twenty-five years, not less than a score of virulent poisons have been added to the repository of the medical profession. They are given in small doses, otherwise they would destroy life immediately; but even in minute quantities, they produce, ultimately, very disastrous effects. It is unwise and unphilosophical to employ, as remedies, powerful and insidious drugs, which, in subjugating one disease, sow the seeds of another still more unmanageable. None of these terrible medicaments operates with as much directness and certainty upon the causes of disease as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, a tonic and corrective, *without a single deleterious ingredient in its composition.* Arsenic and quinia are given for intermittents; bromide of potassium for nervous disorders; strychnine and prussic acid for general debility; mercury, in various forms, for liver complaint; preparations of chloroform and opium for sleeplessness; and yet these deadly drugs do not compare, as specifics for the diseases above enumerated, with that wholesome vegetable invigorant and alterative, while they are all so pernicious that it is astonishing any physician should take the responsibility of prescribing them. Let invalids, for their own sakes, try the Bitters before they resort to the poisons. The relief they will experience from a course of the harmless specific, will render a recourse to the unsafe preparations referred to, quite unnecessary. may6-4t

All Ladies Know that men do not like a rough-skinned woman, or one with freckles, tan, and pimples. Nature's remedy for these mortifying blemishes, as well as for Moth-patches and Ringmarks, is Hagan's Magnolia Balm. It gives to the complexion that smooth, transparent and marble purity which bespeaks refinement, excites admiration, and is woman's chief attraction. This is what the Balm will do, and so gradual and naturally, that its use cannot be detected. Then add a luxuriant head of hair, by using the best and most popular Hair Dressing and Restorer in the world—Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon—and your friends will hardly know you. These articles are sold by all Druggists.

ap22-4t

FITS! FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS* to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. ap22-3m

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nov26-6m

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apS-3m

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

ap8-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, CHARLES PUGH to Miss SALLIE B. DOWNEY, both of this city.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. Wm. M. Ridgway, Mr. WM. MIDDLETON to Miss MARY L. COVINGTON, all of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WM. B. CASKEY to Miss ANNA P. GARMAN, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. J. A. Kunkleman, WM. T. BOWERS to Miss LOUISA HOSFELD, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. W. W. SAYE, Mr. JAS. HAMILTON to Miss MARY ANN WRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Thos. K. Orr, EDMOND THOMPSON to EMILY E. RILEY, all of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss, JAMES T. CRAFT to SUSIE E. AUHORT, both of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the Hon. Daniel M. Fox, Mr. JESSE HOLT to Miss ROSE ANNA MYERS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of April, SAMUEL PAINTER CROWERS, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 30th of April, THOMAS M. CLARK, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 25th of April, CHARLES MCCALLA, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 26th of April, JOHN P. GOTWOLS, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 28th of April, ABRAHAM EGERTON, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 28th of April, DANIEL R. LAWTON, in the 82d year of his age.

On the 27th of April, PHEBE WRIGHT, in the 90th year of her age.

On the 26th of April, PAULINE KNEIPP, in the 57th year of her age.

On the 26th of April, AMANDA WINTERBOTTOM, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 27th of April, SARAH WHEELL, in the 49th year of her age.

On the 28th of April, ELIZABETH A. CRAWLEY, in the 43d year of her age.

GHOSTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA WHEELER.

There are ghosts in the room.
As I sit here alone, from the dark corners there
They come out of the gloom,
And they stand by my side, and they lean on my chair.

There's the ghost of a Hope.
That lighted my days with a fanciful glow.
In her hand is the rope
That strangled her life out. Hope was slain long ago.

But her ghost comes to-night
With its skeleton face, and expressionless eyes—
And it stands in the light
And jeers me and mocks me with sobs and with sighs.

There's the ghost of a Joy.
A frail fragile thing: and I loved it too much.
For the hands that destroy
Clasped it close: and it died at the withering touch.

There's the ghost of a love.
Born with Joy, reared with Hope, died in pain and unrest.
But he towers above
All the others: this ghost. But a ghost at the best.

I am weary: and fain
Would forget all these dead: but the gibbering host,
Make my striving in vain.
In each shadowy corner, there lurketh a ghost.

Wonderful Escapes.

No. 3.

Paul de Beaujeu.

Paul Antoine de Beaujeu, Knight of Malta, had acquired the reputation of one of the first seamen of his time by the number and success of his fights against the Turks. In the month of January, 1660, he was driven by a storm into one of worst ports of the Archipelago, where he was blockaded and attacked by thirty galleys of Rhodes, commanded by the Capitan Pacha Mazamet in person. He stood out against an overpowering fire for an entire day, and only yielded when he had spent all his ammunition and lost three-fourths of his crew. He was put into irons and carried away in triumph; but the victorious fleet was assailed with a new storm of such violence that Mazamet was obliged to have recourse to the superior seamanship of his captive. M. de Beaujeu saved him, and so won the gratitude of the Turk that the latter, with a view to rescue his preserver, placed him for concealment among the lowest slaves. The grand vizier, however, who had probably been informed of this stratagem, demanded the illustrious prisoner by name; and recognising Beaujeu by his haughty air, he picked him out from among the slaves and sent him to the Seven Towers, bidding him give up all hope of ransom or of exchange. The Porte rejected every proposal made for his release, although the King interceded for him, and the Venetians sought in vain to have his name included in the terms of the Treaty of Candia. One of his nephews, about twenty-two years of age, then formed a plan for affecting his release and he executed it in the most brilliant and successful manner. He first went to Constantinople with M. de Nointel, the ambassador of France, and there he was allowed to see the prisoner—that permission being freely granted to every one on account of the supposed safety of the place. No other precaution was taken than that of searching the visitors, who were obliged, before seeing the prisoners, to give up their arms, their pocket-knives, and even their keys.

M. de Beaujeu was at first alarmed at a proposal which threatened to have very dangerous results; but eleven years of imprisonment, his natural taste for hazardous enterprizes, and the contagious example of the young man's courage and enthusiasm soon decided him to give his consent to the attempt. His nephew then began to carry him at each visit a small piece of rope, which he placed round his body; and when he thought he had enough of it for his purpose, he fixed on the day, the hour, and the signal for his departure. When the signal was given, the chevalier slid down from the walls; but finding the rope somewhat too short, he let himself drop into the sea, which washes the base of the Seven Towers. The splash of the falling body was heard by some Turks passing in a brigantine, and they made towards the fugitive; but the nephew, reaching him first in a well-armed skiff, drove them off, picked up his uncle, and took him on board one of the King's ships, commanded by his friend the Count d'Apremont. The vessel carried him safely to France, where he lived a long while in the bosom of his family, as Commandant of Bordeaux.

The Governor of the Seven Towers was put to death for permitting his escape.

HE LET HIMSELF DROP INTO THE SEA.

Diet of the Ancients.

The difference between the diet of the ancients and that of us moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no distilled liquor, it being unknown to them; nor coffee, nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter—for Galen tells us that he had never seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither buckwheat nor French beans, no Spinach, nor sage, tapioca, arrowroot, nor the potato or its varieties; not even the common, but a sort of marsh-grown bean; not many of our fruits—as the orange, tamarind, nor American maize. On the contrary, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallow, the herb, ox-tongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They liked the flesh of wild asses, dogs, the dormouse, the fox, and the bear.

FRIENDS.—"Friends are discovered rather than made," writes Mrs. Stowe. "There are people who are in their own nature friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music and painting, are like the Freemason's sign—they reveal the initiated to each other."

Augers.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ZIG.

Which the same are instruments to bore with.

As a general thing, I haven't much to complain of in this world. It is true that I complain most all the time. But at the same time, away down in the depths of my inner consciousness, I am aware that I am about as well off as most folks.

Only I think these human augers whereof I am about to complain, bore *into* my soul, and bore the life out of me, worse than they do other folks. It is owing to my temperament, which is of that kind that it can't bear being bored into without flying off into splinters, and otherwise showing signs of impatience and disapproval. Certain inferior kinds of wood split all to pieces when you go to penetrate them with an auger, or otherwise apply them to any of the purposes for which wood is made. That's my temperament, and I can't stand boring.

For instance, suppose I want to write something for THE POST. The first thing I do is to get my paper, pen and inkstand ready. I dip my pen into the ink, and then sit down to collect my ideas. It always takes me a great while to collect my ideas, not owing to their being so many, but owing to their being so far apart.

I sit and wait for them.

Meanwhile they don't come.

The ink dries on my pen. I dip it into the inkstand again, and sit and wait again. I go and look out the window at the town clock. Half the morning is gone, and I never venture to write of afternoons, for fear I'll write *nonsense*, you know. I come back and dip my pen in the ink again, and and sit and wait for ideas again. Presently I pull my hair a little, to see if I can't pull an idea out by the head. A little later and I become mildly desperate. I dip my pen into the ink again, and splash a big drop on my dress. Finally, just as I am about to give up the conundrum as hopeless, a feeble, silly, sick-looking little fellow opens the door and peeps timidly in at that mass of chaos which I am in the habit of calling my brain. He is terrified, and no wonder. He tries to run away instantly, but before he has time, I clutch him fiercely and clap him on paper, he all the time squeaking out a feeble protest against it. But I have him, and I hold him tight.

Shortly another little ghost of an idea, equally silly, equally sick, comes in search of the first one. He is instantly doomed to the same cruel treatment. Then a whole troop of the puny little creatures come at once.

"Now I have 'em!" I say to myself.

I begin already to picture to my mind's eye how that article is going to look in print. I fancy some points in it will be rather neatly turned, to confess the whole truth. I begin to put down the weak little ideas just as fast as my fingers can fly, and the weak little ideas keep coming like a swarm of bees, much faster than my fingers can fly. I am getting on beautifully.

But just exactly at this point up steps our human auger. He is worse than the heathen Chinee. He is far worse than Victor Hugo's Devil-Fish; and the feeling of having your hair done up tight in curl-papers over night, or of having your teeth fired apart by an energetic dentist, is heavenly bliss compared with what one is subjected to by the human auger. The host of weak little ideas take instant and everlasting flight to realms unknown. Not a single one of them ever comes back again. The moment the bore steps into the house, my brain becomes as tough and leathery and dry as a baker's cake. That article never sees print, never in the world.

It's all owing to that confounded auger. He makes an original remark about the weather, and asks me what I am writing about. I tell him, and he says he has a subject for me, which he wants I should enlarge upon particularly. I say I have more subjects now than I want, and I give him hints to go. But he is tougher skinned than a circus elephant, and understands a hint no more than Hebrew. Nay, more. He stays to dinner with us, not having seen us for a week, and being married to our fourth cousin besides. He eats the pudding with his knife, and then takes the knife out of his mouth and puts it into my butter dish and cuts off a chunk of butter, utterly despising and ignoring the butter-knife. A butter-knife is not according to the principles of republican simplicity. But I confess to having a weakish stomach, and somehow it always did make me feel queer in the gastric region to see a person drive his knife half way down his throat and then withdraw it, all smooth and clean, and insert it into my butter-plate. It is not an agreeable sight, on the whole.

He uses my clean linen napkins for purposes for which napkins were never meant. He plunges his knife into various dishes on the table, and tastes to see how he likes 'em. He drinks like a horse. And he talks very loudly with his mouth crammed full of food. These are some more little objections to the pleasure of his company.

Likewise he talks through his nose. It seems as if his flat stupid droning talk will set me crazy, sometimes. And to have to to sit and listen to and answer that aforesaid confounded auger for two or three hours at a time, to smile instead of—swear, to see my precious time slipping all away, and the new gloves and the gipsey hat trimmed in green, which I have been picturing to myself I would buy as soon as the money for that article came in—to see them vanishing away into nothing, to watch despairingly while my precious ideas—precious though they are but weak little things—leave me to return no more, to endure it all and know it's entirely owing to that stupid, idle, vulgar blockhead, makes me feel like murder.

In the time of Henry IV., a writ for burning heretics was a part of the common law of England. "To extirpate all heretics from the island, and send their souls to hell," was how it read. Sometimes I am savage enough to wish that writ was still in existence, and that it read "bores" instead of "heretics." For they do torment me so cruelly. I wouldn't want them burnt to death, you understand, but I should want some kind of arrangement for toasting bores just a little while, only long enough to make them appreciate how they torture other folks. But it couldn't be done. We are civilized now, and torture is applied to minds, not to bodies.

I have only told you about one of my borers. I have several, not one of whom can take a hint, and to whom, for several reasons, I don't care speak right out plain. I have told you about the worst one. I wish you would kindly tell me what to do with them. How can I make my augers stay away and let me alone? I can't write at all. I never did have any more brains than I could manage, and now they feel as though they had been stirred up with a stick. So they have, with several sticks. I wish you could tell me what to do.

Meantime—I am only writing this to tell you the reason why I haven't written to you long ago.

[NOTE.—We can tell Zig what to do. Mark the above article with black lines all around it, and send a copy to every borer she knows. That would be a *gentle* hint. If this does not answer, we will recommend something else. We cannot afford to have our readers cheated out of Zig's articles for the sake of a few borers.—*Ed. Sat. Ev. Post.*]

The Ex-Empress in England.

During the last six months a plainly dressed, graceful lady, accompanied by three or four attendants, might have been met any day walking in the lanes in and about Chiselhurst. Few of those meeting her and failing to recognise a familiar face would have suspected that one short twelve-month since she was an empress and wife of the ruler over a great and powerful nation. With the resignation of royalty, she has abandoned every appearance of state. Every Sunday she walks to the little Catholic chapel, whatever the weather may be, and it is the rarest thing in the world to see her riding in a carriage. Her attire is of the simplest, and she may sometimes be seen walking in a plain cotton dress. She neither visits nor receives visitors in any number, and indeed carries her seclusion so far, that when solicited to be present at a concert in the neighborhood, given for the benefit of her distressed subjects of former years, she declined. For years the Empress has been the leader of fashion, and the least peculiarity of manner or dress, whether intentional or not, has been faithfully copied by every lady who pretends to belong in the slightest degree to the world of fashion. Even now her manner of walking, with the body slightly bent forward, and the small stick which she frequently carries, is imitated by the ladies of Cuteshourne, and a relic of it may be traced far beyond that secluded district. The feelings of the inhabitants towards the Empress and the young Prince have, after the first curiosity, subsided into respect for her wish to keep herself quite private, and she now attracts no more attention than any ordinary lady. The only effect has been to bring down a few people from London on Sunday mornings, who visit the chapel for the purpose of gazing on royalty.

MAY-FLOWERS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

If you catch a breath of sweetness,
And follow the odorous hint
Through woods where the dead leaves rustle,
And the golden mosses glint,

Along the spicy sea-coast,
Over the desolate down,
You will find the dainty May-flowers
When you come to Plymouth town,

Where the shy Spring tends her darlings,
And hides them away from sight,
Pull off the covering leaf-sprays,
And gather them pink and white,

Tinted by mystical moonlight,
Freshened by frosty dew,
Till the fair, transparent blossoms
To their pure perfection grew.

Then carry them home to your lady,
For flower of the spring is she,—
Pink and white, and dainty and slight,
And lovely as lovely can be.

Shall they die because she is fair,
Or live because she is sweet?
They will know for which they were born,
But you—must wait at her feet.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

AZUBAH'S ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLA WHEELER.

The little bronze clock upon the mantle chimed five, and Azubah Sherwin looked anxiously down the road toward the village, while she lightly hummed a merry air, in time to the busy click of her sewing machine. She was a queenly girl—this Azubah Sherwin, tall, and with a full, splendidly proportioned figure, shapely hands and feet, and a fair womanly face, lighted with wonderful gray eyes. Her shining dark hair, wound round and round her graceful head, made more noticeable the marble whiteness of her skin, changed only in the sweetly curved lips to a deep carnation. Sitting there by the window, clothed in some dark blue cloth robe that fitted to perfection the exquisite outlines of her figure; she seemed more like some royal princess, than like the daughter of a village physician. But no princess, sweeping her satin train through marble halls, was ever half so happy as Azubah Sherwin, while she sat there at her sewing machine, singing blithely, and glancing every moment through the open window, and down the sunny street, toward the village.

"What time is it, Zuba?" called her mother's voice from an adjoining room.

"A few minutes after five;" answered Azubah, without glancing at the clock, but looking down the road again.

"Seems to me Randal is late to-night. Wonder what keeps him? poor lessons, perhaps, or unruly scholars; those great strapping boys, though they are almost grown young men, are often as unruly, and mischievous as the little boys and girls in the primary department," he says: "Seems to me they ought to have some *pride* to sustain them; but I do believe a little village like Prairieville is about the worst place in the world to bring up children. It's neither town nor country, but just a half-way between place, with none of the good points of either."

And garrulous Mrs. Sherwin rattled on, keeping time to her words with her iron spoon, as she beat up some mysterious kind of batter for the evening meal."

"Look out, Zuba, and tell me if you see anything of Randal!" She called out, raising her voice, as if fearful, her injunctions would not be obeyed. "Some one is coming over the knoll, mother, and I presume it is Randal." Azubah responded demurely, resuming her song, just as though she could not tell the graceful swing of that tall figure as far as her eye could reach or single him out among a multitude.

A few moments later a shadow fell across the window, and Randal Cross leaned over the broad sill, and laid a bunch of yellow buttercups in Azubah's lap. "Oh, where did you find them?" she cried in a voice as melodious as a wood thrush. I have not seen any before this Spring."

"Found them just outside the yard, Miss Sherwin," he responded laughingly. I think you must have sadly neglected out-door exercise of late or you would have seen them all over the meadow on the south."

"Oh, down in the valley, where the buttercups grow,
Lives a sweet, sweet maiden, with a brow of snow;
A sweet, sweet maiden, yet a robber bold is she,
For she's robbed me of my heart, and will not give it back to me."

And Randal Cross looked down upon the fair, womanly face before him, with his dark, bewildering eyes, as he sang the words in a rich tenor voice. Azubah's cheeks flushed softly, as she met the earnest gaze of his dark eyes, and the words of the song and the sound of his musical voice thrilled her through and through with a delicious joy.

She was reading her first lesson of love, this woman of twenty-five; for love had been a sealed book to her, until this man came, and opened the covers, and bade her read.

She had not frittered away her heart in her teens as so many women do; a little to this one, and a little to that, and so on through all the years of girlhood until the freshness and purity of the heart is squandered, and the power of loving, truly and tenderly, is lost forever. No! she had kept her heart whole and untouched, waiting for her fairy prince. She had dreamed her dreams; she had her ideal; her hero, and had been vaguely longing for him all these years. Yet, when she read the fictitious tales of love and romance, she smiled, thinking them overdrawn and unreal.

So she had said to Randal Cross, four months before, when he had been an inmate of her home but a few days. They had been discussing some book both had recently read, when she made the remark.

"But don't you believe in the existence of passionate, and all-absorbing love?" Mr. Cross had asked, and she had responded. "Not as it is portrayed in the literature of the day. It seems to me unnatural and unreal, and I cannot understand that mighty and overwhelming passion called love, of which I read so much." And looking into her fathomless gray eyes, Randal Cross asked himself, if it would be among the possibilities to stir the slumbering depths of Azubah Sherwin's heart; to convince her of the existence of that mighty passion, love, and, in plain words, *to make her fall down and worship Randal Cross*, and viewing his handsome length in the mirror that night, in his room, he decided that stranger things had come about, and he could not employ his leisure time better, than in sounding the depths of Azubah Sherwin's heart. Yet, before he slept that night, he wrote, sealed, and addressed the following letter:

"MY DARLING EDNA:—Here I am in the cosy parlor bedroom of your cosy home, and the hands of my watch point to the hour of twelve. Yet I cannot compose myself to rest, before holding converse with my queen of hearts—my precious and peerless Edna. I have been installed in my new position as principal of Prairieville Academy, and think I shall like it well. I have been an inmate of your home four days now, and am doing my best to get into the good graces of your relatives. Little did they dream what my real motive was when I requested to be taken as a boarder, on the plea that I needed the three-quarter mile walk to and from the village morning and night. I was fearful at the first that I could not induce them to harbor me, but I assumed my most winning manner and pleaded so earnestly that they found me irresistible at last, so here I am. I think, however, that I might have been cast adrift, after all, had I not in the most innocent and demure manner imaginable spoken of my slight (?) acquaintance with you. 'Indeed! and are you a friend of our Edna?' they all cried in a chorus. 'I graduated last June from the H—— College,' I responded, 'and your daughter is a student in the female department, and I have frequently met her.' After that announcement I found smooth sailing, and was immediately taken into full favor and beset with questions concerning you. But it is little I tell them: for I do not want them to suspect our relation to each other until I have won my way into every heart. I am a penniless upstart, I think myself, to dare aspire to your hand, and I must blind their eyes as *yours* are blinded—with love—before I make my hopes known. Your home is very pleasant—your parents what I had hoped them to be—and your sister is a sweet, noble woman, one whom I shall be proud to call *sister*. But oh, darling, all is incomplete without *you*. I think of you morning, noon and night, and I never weary of hearing your parents talk of you. Write without delay to your I. I. I. (lonely, loving lover,) RANDAL."

After sealing and addressing this affectionate epistle, Mr. Cross comfortably settled himself between the snowy sheets, and in a very few moments was in a sound slumber.

A few days later Azubah wrote to her sister and apprised her of the addition to their household; and Edna wrote in answer, "I am somewhat acquainted with Mr. Cross, and I am sure you will like him well. He graduated from this college last June with the first honors, and is held in high esteem by teachers and friends. I hope he will still be with you when I return next summer."

That was four months or more before we saw him leaning through the window in the soft April sunshine, and singing a love song to Azubah as she sat at her sewing machine. And in those four months he had "sounded the depths of her heart;" he had brought to light the slumbering volcano of passion, and his dark eyes sparkled with ill-concealed triumph when he saw the red stain upon her soft cheek and the tremulous drooping of her long lashed lids as he repeated the last line of the song, at the same time clasping one shapely white hand in both of his own.

"Azubah, Azubah," he cried, speaking her name with lingering tenderness, "do you know what your name signifies?"

Azubah shook her head, laughing.

"Not unless it signifies 'old maid,'" she responded. "The only woman I ever knew who bore the name before me was a withered old specimen of humanity, who must at least have been in the first flush of youth at the time of the flood. She is one of my earliest recollections, and my name has always seemed to me a synonym for old maid from the fact of her having borne it."

Randal smiled down upon her as he stroked her white hand between his own.

"But it really has a signification, as all names have, in *some* language. Azubah is Hebrew, and means 'deserted.' Be careful that it does not bring you misfortune."

Azubah glanced up at him with mirthful eyes.

"You are not superstitious, are you?" she asked, archly.

"Well, to tell the truth, I believe I am. I cannot fancy these names that have such gloomy significations. I cannot understand why my parents gave me such a savage name as they did. Randal—it means *wolf*, you know. Just think of it! And there were so many other names that I *might* have had. Reginald—strong. Robert—famous; and oh! a host of others with happy meanings."

"But I think Randal is the most beautiful name in the world!" Azubah said, impulsively; and then a great wave of color spread from brow to neck as she met his enthralling dark eyes, and felt the pressure of his hand upon her own.

"By the way," spoke up Randal abruptly, "isn't that young disciple of Esculapius, Reed Emmons, an ardent admirer of your sister Edna?"

Azubah smiled. "You would be awarded the first prize at guessing," she laughed. "Mr. Emmons has been worshipping at Edna's shrine since they were children together. He is a noble young man, and it is really too bad the way Edna has tantalized him. But I used to fancy she liked him, after all, and should not be surprised to see her his wife yet. But how did you discover the state of affairs?"

"Oh, he joined me on the street to-night, and we fell into conversation. You know I never met him but a few times. In the course of our chatting I spoke of H—— College, and he immediately began to question me about the lady students, and I knew by the careful and studied indifference of his manner and speech that Edna was the only one he cared to hear about. He took such unnecessary pains to hide his secret that I at once discovered its location."

"Children, Randal, Zuba, come to supper," called Mrs. Sherwin from the dining-room.

"Mother," said Azubah as they were gathered about the pleasant tea-table a few moments later, "Randal has been reading the riddle of names to me; and he says 'Azubah' means 'deserted,' and his name signifies 'wolf.' Isn't he a perfect old wiseacre?"

"Wolf, hey!" said the old doctor, looking up sharply through his spectacles. "Well, you're a pretty good sort of a wolf, my boy,

and I wouldn't fear a whole drove of the same sort. Not of that species that devour little Red Riding Hoods, are you?"

"No," laughed Randal, "or if I am I have had the advantages of civilized society, which my ancestor was denied, and instead of an appetite I have only a harmless admiration for Red Riding Hood."

"Now, Miss Zuba, come with me, and I will show you the meadow 'where the buttercups grow,'" called Randal after the tea-table was cleared away. "You have not exercised a particle to-day, and I forbid such carelessness of your health."

The old doctor watched the tall, handsome couple as they walked down the path, and out across the meadow.

"A fine, fine young man!" he said, turning to his wife. "And I really think, mother, that our Zuba has met her fate at last. Yes, yes, well I couldn't be better suited if he is only a poor pedagogue. He's a fine young man, and Zuba's a fine girl." And the old doctor smiled benignly, thinking of the wedding in prospect.

Oh, those blessed spring days! how swiftly they sped by to the happy hearts beneath that old roof. Those mellow May afternoons, those golden evenings, how like a fairy tale they seemed to Azubah, dreaming her first dream of love.

"Only three weeks," she said to Randal one evening as they stood together beneath the great spreading apple tree in the orchard, "only three weeks before Edna comes home."

Randal shrugged his broad shoulders with an impatient gesture.

"And then good-bye to all these delicious rambles, these cosy chats, and the delightful hours we have spent together. You will forget that I am in existence when that wonderful sister comes back to you, and I shall not see you once in twenty-four hours."

Azubah looked at him reproachfully.

"What injustice!" she said. "Just as if all I cared for your society was to pass away time."

"Well, isn't that all?" he said, coming close to her, so close that his curling locks brushed her cheek as he bent over her. She looked up at him with shy, luminous eyes.

"You know it is not," she spoke softly. "You know that I like you for yourself."

He let go the limb of the tree he had been clasping, and slipped one hand about her waist and one beneath her chin.

"Say *love* instead of *like*," he whispered, "for I *love you*, Azubah, my queen!"

She did not speak, and he lifted up her face and looked into her eyes with a burning gaze.

"Can't you say it? just once, 'I love you, Randal!'" he pleaded.

But when she did look up and say, "Yes, I love you, Randal, with all my heart, and soul, and strength, love, as I never believed it possible for mortal to love, love you with a love that death itself cannot slay!" When she said it, and he saw the snow-white pallor of her face and unearthly brilliancy of her eyes his coward heart quailed within him, and he trembled at the thing he had done; and pressing one long kiss upon her lips he drew her hand within his arm, and led her back to the house without another word. But Azubah was too happy to note the change in his face and manner, too blind in the fullness of her great joy to see any flaw in her golden idol. "He loves me, he loves me," she whispered to herself as she sank away into blissful dreams that night. And while she was whispering it Randal Cross sat in his room writing.

"My darling I am more impatient these last days than ever before. The hours have fallen into a bad habit of lagging away, and the days seem endless. I wish it were but three days instead of three weeks which lay between us. I think there will be no objection to our union, though as yet not a soul suspects our secret. But I know that I hold a warm spot in your parents' hearts, and Azubah loves me as a brother."

Mr. Cross smiled a little as he read this over, and then frowned as he thought what a complicated state of affairs he had made for himself, and wondered, lazily, how it would end. "Hang it;" he muttered, "I didn't think the girl was a perfect volcano of passion, or I wouldn't have gone so far with her. She is fearfully in earnest; and, I must say, I have given her pretty good cause to think I am not trifling. But I will be as cool as possible the remainder of the time, and see how that will work."

Randal Cross was true to his word, and sang no love songs, and whispered no pretty meaning compliments in Azubah's ears during the next few days. He had taken some writing from a lawyer in Prairieville in the winter, and he applied himself to that, now, with renewed zeal.

Azubah noticed his pre-occupied manner, and missed the attentions she had become so accustomed to, yet loving him fully, she trusted him fully, and never a doubt of his sincerity and truth crossed her mind.

"You are working too hard," she said to him one evening, as he sat near her, writing busily. "What induced you to take that copying to do. Your school duties were sufficient without that."

Randal Cross looked up at her, and the old habit was so strong upon him, and the evil spirit in his bosom was so active, that he could not keep the soft, persuasive, meaning look out of his eyes, or the lingering tender cadence from his voice, as he answered—

"Because I can add to my earnings, by doing this extra work—and my one great aim now, is to place myself in such circumstances, pecuniarily, that I may dare ask for the hand of the woman I love."

After what had passed between them, but a few days previous, and with his dark eyes looking at her so tenderly while he spoke, was it any wonder Azubah should deem herself the woman referred to? She felt her cheeks flush beneath his ardent gaze, and her eyes grew luminous with joy.

And so the days passed on—each one a golden bead without a flaw, Azubah thought that the year was gathering on her string. And at last the glad day came, when their birdling, their Edna would return to them.

"Half-past-five," Mrs. Sherwin said, glancing up at the clock. "Cars come to Prairieville at six; and father not home yet. I don't see, Zuba, what we are to do, unless Randal will take Billy and the buggy, and go for Edna. Father meant to be back in time to take us all down to meet her; but he has the double carriage with him; so if you would be so obliging, Randal, we shall have to put you to the trouble of bringing our little girl from the depot."

Randal's eyes sparkled.

"I shall be most pleased to render you any service in my power," he answered, bowing.

"Lucky dog!" he said, as he rolled along toward the village; "the very thing of all others that I most desired to do, has fallen to my lot. Whoa, steady, Billy!" as the spirited young horse snorted, at the shriek of the approaching train. Whoa, my boy! that train is bringing us the dearest and sweetest little woman in all the world."

Twenty minutes later, Mrs. Sherwin and Azubah ran out to the door, and clasped a little graceful bundle of silks and laces in their arms.

"Dear mother! dear Zuba! I am so glad to see you again," cried a chirruping little voice, as Miss Edna kissed first one and then the other. "Where is father."

"Here he is!" cried the old doctor, coming up from the stables; and in his turn taking the little figure in his arms.

And then they all passed into the house, chatting all together at one time, after the manner of people who have been apart from each other.

Randal Cross walked with them, his dark eyes fixed upon Edna's glowing face with a glance of tender love and admiration. She was a pretty little creature, petite and dainty, from head to foot. Her glossy black hair curled in short rings around her face, her sunny black eyes sparkled with animation, and her dark olive complexion glowed with a bright color in cheeks and lips.

A sweet, affectionate, merry, light-hearted chatter-box of a girl, wholly unlike her queenly sister, was this Edna Sherwin. She was the pet and darling of the household, you could see that at a glance. The best chair in the house, the daintiest food, the finest clothing, were all for Edna; and Azubah looked upon her with eyes of pride and devotion.

Such a merry evening as they passed. Randal seemed endowed with some sudden inspiration; his flow of spirits seemed exhaustless—and his wit and humor kept them in a constant peal of laughter.

"How do you like Mr. Cross?" Azubah asked her sister, after they went to their room. And then as she met the surprised gaze of the black eyes—"Oh you know him before! I remember now: but it seems to me always as if you were strangers."

"What will she think when she knows all!" Edna thought, as she robed herself for sleep. "I must tell them to-morrow."

It was early twilight, the following day, and Azubah had been reading out upon the vine-wreathed piazza. Her book had dropped in her lap, and her large, gray eyes were full of dreams, as she sat with her head upon her hand, watching the sunset-shadows creep over the lawn.

Suddenly a light hand fell upon her arm, and looking up she saw Edna and Randal Cross standing before her.

"Dear sister," Edna said, softly, "we have come to beg your pardon for our deception, and to ask your blessing. Oh, Zuba, don't you see—don't you know Randal and I are betrothed: we have been lovers for more than a year: and he came here on purpose to win your hearts, so you need not object to our union—for the foolish fellow thought because he was not a millionaire he was not worthy of me. But I knew you could not help loving him, all and each of you, if you knew him as I knew him: and so I told him of the vacancy at the academy, and bade him apply for it, and come here and board. And now it has all come about just as I prophesied—and all that is wanting is your blessing, sister Zuba, to make us so very, very happy; for father and mother have both wished us God speed."

And while voluble Edna rattled on, Azubah sat with her face bowed upon her clenched hands, immovable and silent.

"Why don't you speak to us, or look at us, sister?" Edna cried; and then Azubah lifted up her head and fixed her gray eyes—almost black now—with the intensity of her emotion, upon Randal Cross' cowering face. Her face was whiter than marble, even to the lips, and Edna looked from one face to the other in speechless amazement. "Why, what is the matter, Zuba? Why don't you speak?" But Azubah only looked with that stern, set gaze upon the cowardly face of Randal Cross; and rising suddenly, she passed into the house and up to her room.

Edna turned to follow her, but Randal held her hand.

"Do not go, do not follow her!" he said hoarsely; but Edna wrenched her hand from his grasp and sped away. Down by the little white cot knelt Azubah, with her face buried in her hands.

"Oh Zuba, dear sister Zuba, tell me what it all means!" Edna cried in distress, encircling the kneeling figure with her arms.

Azubah raised her white face from her hands and put away the clinging arms.

"It is nothing, sister, but my own foolishness: I have been a very silly girl, that is all. I want you to go to your lover and tell him I give you both my blessing. And now, dear Edna, please go down and let me be alone a little while. I am weak and nervous to-night, that is all." And kissing her fondly on cheek and brow, Azubah pointed to the door.

And as the door closed upon her sister and she found herself alone again, she sank down upon the floor, moaning feebly, "Deserted, deserted. Oh, my God! oh Christ, forgive him and help her, and be merciful to me."

Even in her prayers this Azubah Sherwin remembered others before herself; prayed for the sinner when she, the sinned against, was suffering so terribly.

She was very pale when next she came down and joined the family circle; but a soft light was in her eyes and a cheerful smile rested upon her lips. And of the five who were gathered about the breakfast table she seemed the most happy and care free: for it was a grave-faced group, and a dark shadow seemed hovering over all.

Randal Cross rose from the table, and as he took down his hat from the hall rack he spoke to Edna in a low tone. Azubah saw her compress her lips firmly and heard her low words, "For now and forever." And she saw the blue pallor deepen about Randal Cross' lips and the misery looking from his eyes as he turned and left her.

Then Edna spoke. "Father, mother, sister," she said, "I told you all last evening of my betrothal to this man, Randal Cross, and asked forgiveness for my deception and your consent to our union. I have since learned the utter unworthiness of my idol, his lack of honor and the baseness and falsity of his whole nature. To-day I have given him his freedom, and to-morrow he will leave our doors, never to darken them again. After he has gone let us think of him as one dead, and never speak of him again."

And they never did. Poor, tender-hearted, brave little Edna wept over her broken idol and grieved for him in secret, as girls always do grieve over such things; and then after awhile, little by little, handsome, noble, hazel-eyed Reed Emmons crept into the darkened chamber of her heart and filled the aching void in her life.

And one day, scarce two years after she looked her last upon Randal Cross, there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and pretty Edna went forth to brighten another's home, and reading her marriage in the paper, that, by some strange fatality, strayed out to the far west, where he had striven to bury himself, Randal Cross bit his lip in sharp pain, and cursed himself for his bitter folly; for with all the strength and passion of his shallow nature, he had loved winsome Edna Sherwin.

Long years after, when the white threads were beginning to show in Azubah Sherwin's glossy braids, she read a name in the list of "Deaths" in a far western city, that drove the blood from cheek and lip, and set the old horrible pain tugging at her heart. And all night long this queenly woman sobbed, and mourned and grieved over the dead idol of her youth. And then she took up the broken thread of her life, and none knew of the grave in her heart. Thank God there are so few natures like Azubah Sherwin's in this world of change.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN.

The marquis's faint lasted but a short time, thanks to the attentions his son and daughter paid him. He had scarce regained his senses ere he drew Dona Marianna gently to him.

"My dear child," he muttered, as he pressed her to his heart, "you are our savior."

The girl, delighted with this praise, freed herself, with a blush, from her father's embrace.

"Then," she said, with a pretty toss of her head, "you now allow, I think, father, that I have really kept my word."

"Oh, my child," he said, with much emotion, as he looked around him in delight, "there are here fifty fortunes equal to the one I have lost."

The girl clapped her hands in delight.

"Ah, how happy I am! I felt certain that she would not deceive me."

This remark, which escaped from the fulness of Dona Marianna's heart, struck Don Hernando.

"To whom are you alluding, daughter? and who is this person who inspires you with such confidence?"

"The one who revealed the existence of this treasure to me, father," she answered.

The marquis did not press her.

"Marianno," he said to the tigrero, "you will pass the night here; allow no one to approach this excavation, for it would be imprudent to let strangers know of the existence of such a treasure before we have time to take certain precautions indispensable for its safety."

"You can go without fear, *mi amo*," the brave lad answered; "no one shall approach the mine while I am alive."

"Besides," Don Hernando continued, "your watch will cease at sunrise."

"As long as you please, *mi amo*."

And the tigrero, collecting the tools and lanterns, installed himself in the excavation itself, a few yards from the body still lying on the dais.

The other four slowly returned to the hacienda, conversing about this marvellous discovery, which, at the moment when all seemed desperate, saved the family. In fact, the gold veins were so rich, that it would be possible to detach in a single day enough nearly to cover all the debts contracted by the marquis. They re-entered the Blue Room; and though it was very late, not one of them felt the slightest inclination to sleep; on the contrary, they wanted still to converse about the mine.

"Well," the marquis said, "you did not dream that so rich a mine existed on the estate; you allowed as much just now."

"In truth, father, some one was kind enough to give me the information by which I found it."

"But who can this person be, who is better acquainted than myself with a property which has been in the hands of the family more than three hundred years, and yet nobody suspected that it contained this treasure?"

"The probability is that the secret was well kept, father."

"Of course; but by whom?"

"By the old owners of the soil, of course."

"Nonsense! you are jesting, daughter. Those poor Indians disappeared long ago from the face of the earth."

"I am not of that opinion, father," Don Ruiz observed.

"The more so," Paredes struck in, "because I know for a fact that the tribe to which you allude still exists; it is one of the most powerful in the great confederation of the Papazos."

"And you know, father, with what religious exactitude the Indians preserve secrets confided to their conscience."

"That is true; but in that case some man must have spoken."

"Or some woman," Dona Marianna said, smilingly.

"Well, be it so—a woman," the marquis continued; "that is already a valuable piece of news. I know that you have obtained your information about the mine from a woman, my child."

"Unhappily, father, I am prohibited from saying any more."

"Humph! prohibited!"

"Yes, father. However, re-assure yourself: this mine is really yours—your lawful property. Its owner has freely surrendered it in your favor."

Don Hernando frowned with an air of dissatisfaction.

"Charity!" he muttered.

"Oh, no, but a gift you can accept, father, I swear to you. Besides, the person to whom you are indebted for it promised me to make herself known to you ere long."

On the next morning, by the orders of the marquis, the majordomo selected ten confidential rancheros and peons from those who had sought shelter at the hacienda, and the work commenced at once. The mine had been abandoned exactly in the state in which it was when the body of the miner was found by the Indians; hence the mere sweepings formed a considerable amount, and at the expiration of four or five days the sum collected was sufficient, not only to pay off all the debts, but also to leave at the disposal of the marquis a sum thrice as large as he owed. With the exception of the legitimate anxiety caused by the apprehension of an Indian attack, joy had returned to the hacienda; the marquis had begun to smile again, and seemed younger—so great is the privilege of wealth to alter men. The first thought that occurred to the marquis was to settle with his creditors, and determine his position.

"My dear child," he said one evening to Dona Marianna, at the moment when she was about to retire for the night, "you have not yet given me an answer on the subject of Don Rufino Contreras' request for your hand; but the week has long since passed. To-morrow, Paredes is going to start to place in his hands certain letters of importance for the settlement of my affairs, and I wish to take advantage of the opportunity. What answer shall I give Don Rufino?"

The young lady blushed; but at length, subduing the trouble that agitated her, she said, with a slight tremor in her voice—

"Father, I am doubtless highly honored by this caballero's demand; but do you not think as I do, that the moment is badly chosen for such a thing, menaced as we incessantly are by terrible dangers?"

"Very good, daughter; I do not at all wish to force your inclinations. I will answer the senator in that sense; but if he come himself to seek his answer, what shall we do?"

"It will be time enough to think of it then," she replied, with a laugh.

"Well, well, that is true, and I was wrong to dwell on the matter so. Good-night, my child, and sleep soundly. As for me, I shall probably spend the whole night in my study with your brother, engaged with my accounts."

The young lady withdrew.

"Senor Marquis," said Paredes, suddenly opening the door, "excuse my disturbing you so late; but Marianno, the tigrero, has just arrived at the hacienda with his whole family; he is the bearer of such strange and terrible news, that you will perhaps sooner hear it from his lips than from mine."

"What does he say?" Don Ruiz asked, who entered the room at this moment.

"He says that the Indians have risen, that they have surprised the Mineral of Quitovar, fired the pueblo, and massacred all the inhabitants."

"Oh, that is frightful!" the marquis exclaimed.

"Our poor cousin!" the young man added.

"That is true; our unhappy cousin commanded at the pueblo. What a horrible disaster! Send the tigrero in to me, Paredes; go and fetch him at once."

Marianno was shown in, and related in their fullest details, though with some exaggeration, the events recorded in our last chapter, which threw his hearers into a profound stupor. Among all the incomprehensible things which daily occur, there is one which will never be explained; it is the rapidity with which ill news spreads even for considerable distances. Thus, the capture of Quitovar was unhappily only too true, and the details furnished by Marianno were substantially correct; but how could the tigrero have become acquainted with a fact that had happened scarce three hours previously, and at more than ten leagues from the hacienda? He could not have explained this himself; he had heard it from somebody, but could not remember whom.

This terrible news caused the marquis to reflect deeply. Now that the roads were probably infested with marauders, and communication intercepted by the Indians, he could not think of sending Paredes to Hermosillo, and the journey had become literally impossible. He must busy himself without delay in organizing the defence of the haciendas, in order vigorously to repulse the attack which would, in all probability, not be long delayed. In spite of the advanced hour, all were at work in an instant at the Toro; the walls were lined with defenders, and reserves established in all parts of the haciendas.

The whole night was spent in preparations. About two hours after sunrise, at the moment when the marquis, wearied by a long watch, was preparing to take a little repose, the sentries signalled the approach of a body of horsemen, coming at full gallop towards the hacienda. The marquis went up on the walls, took a telescope, and had a look at them. After a short examination, he perceived that these horsemen were Mexicans, although, owing to the distance, he could not distinguish whether they were soldiers or rancheros. Still, he had all preparations made to give them a hearty reception, if they evinced a desire to halt at the hacienda, as the direction they were following seemed to indicate.

Some time elapsed ere these horsemen, who were climbing the hill, reached the hacienda gates. Then all doubts were removed; they were soldiers, and a few paces ahead of the troop rode Don Rufino Contreras and Colonel Don Marcos de Niza. But both leaders and soldiers were in such disorder, so blackened with gunpowder, so covered with dust and blood, that it was plain they had come from a recent fight, from which they had escaped as fugitives. Men and horses were utterly exhausted, not alone by the extraordinary fatigue they had undergone, but also by the gigantic struggle they had sustained ere they dreamed of flight. It was unnecessary to ask them any questions. The marquis ordered refreshments to be served them, and beds got ready.

Don Marcos de Niza and the senator had hardly the strength to say a few words explanatory of the wretched condition in which they presented themselves, and yielding to fatigue and want of sleep, they fell down in a state of complete insensibility, from which no attempt was made to rouse them, but they were both carried to bed. The marquis then withdrew to his room, leaving his son to watch over the safety of the hacienda in his stead, for in all probability it would be speedily invested by the red-skins.

At three in the afternoon, a fresh band of horsemen was signalled in the plain. This considerable party was composed entirely of hunters and wood-rangers. Don Ruiz gave orders to let them advance, for the arrival of these hunters, nearly one hundred in number, was a piece of good fortune for the hacienda, as the number of its defenders was augmented by so many. Still, when Don Ruiz saw them enter the track, he noticed such a regularity in their movements, that a doubt crossed his mind like a flash of lightning, and a thought of treachery rose to his brain. Hence he rushed to the outer gate of the hacienda to give Paredes orders not to open; but the majordomo checked him at the first word.

"You cannot have looked, nino," he said, "when you order such a thing."

"On the contrary, I do so because I have looked," he replied.

"Then you must have seen badly," the majordomo said; "otherwise you would have perceived that the horseman at their head is one of your most devoted friends."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Who else than Stronghand?"

"Is Stronghand coming with those horsemen?"

"He is at the head of the column, nino."

"Oh, in that case let them enter."

"Ah, I felt certain of it."

The hunters had no necessity even of parleying; they found the hacienda gates wide open, and rode straight in without drawing rein. Don Ruiz recognized Stronghand, who, on his side, rode up to him and held out his hand.

"Grant me one favor, Don Ruiz," he said.

"Speak," the young man answered.

"Two words of conversation in your sister's presence; but wait a moment—another person must accompany me, for reasons you will soon appreciate; this person desires temporarily to maintain the most inviolable incognito. Do you consent?"

Don Ruiz hesitated.

"What do you fear?" the hunter continued; "do you not put faith in me? Do you believe me capable of abusing your confidence?"

"No; I do not wish even to suppose it, I pledge you my word."

"And I mine, Don Ruiz."

"Act as you think proper."

The hunter gave a signal, and a horseman dismounted and came up to them. A long cloak entirely covered him, and the broad brim of his hat was pulled down over his eyes. He bowed silently to the young man, who, though greatly perplexed by this mystery, made no remark, and after requesting the majordomo to take care of the new comers, he led his guests to the room in which Dona Marianna was seated, engaged with her tambour-work. The young lady, on hearing the door open, mechanically raised her eyes.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, joyfully, "Stronghand!"

"Myself, senorita," the young man replied, with a respectful bow; "I have come to ask the fulfilment of your promise."

"I shall keep it, no matter what may happen."

"Thanks, senorita."

"Ruiz," she said to her brother, eagerly; "until further orders, my father must not know of the presence of these caballeros here."

"What you ask of me is very difficult, sister; think of the immense responsibility I assume in acting thus."

"I know it, Ruiz; but it must be, my dear brother, for my happiness is at stake," she continued, clasping her hands imploringly; "and besides, what have you to fear? Do you not know this hunter?"

"Yes, I know him; I am even under great obligations to him; but his companion?"

"I answer for him, Ruiz."

"You know, then, who he is?"

"No matter what I know, brother; I only beg you to grant what I ask."

"Well, for your sake I will be silent."

"Oh! thanks, thanks, brother!"

At this moment a sound of footsteps was heard in the adjoining room.

"What is to be done?" the maiden murmured.

Stronghand laid his finger on his lips, and, leading away his companion—who, through the thick cloak he wore, resembled a phantom rather than a man—disappeared behind a curtain. At the same instant a door opened, and two persons entered. They were Don Marcos and the senator. They had scarce exchanged the first compliments with Don Ruiz and Dona Marianna, when the marquis entered the room.

"You are up at last, I am happy to see," he said, cheerfully. *Viva Dios!* you were in a most deplorable state on your arrival; I am glad to see you so fully recovered."

"A thousand thanks, cousin, for your hospitality, of which we stood in great need."

"No more about that; I am the more pleased at the chance which has brought us together, Don Rufino, because I intended to write to you immediately."

"My dear sir," the senator said, with a bow.

"Are you not expecting an answer from me?"

"It is so, but I did not dare to hope."

The marquis cut him short.

"Let us come to the most important point first," he continued, with a smile. "Don Rufino, you have behaved to me like a real friend. By a miracle—for I can only attribute to a miracle the good fortune that has befallen me—I am in a position to arrange my affairs, and discharge my debt to you, although, be assured, I shall never forget the services you have rendered me, and the obligations I have contracted toward you."

The senator was so surprised, that he turned pale, and took a side glance at the colonel.

"Obligations far greater than you suppose," the latter said, warmly.

"What do you mean, cousin?" the marquis asked, in surprise.

"I mean that Don Rufino, unaware of the happy change in your fortunes, and wishing to save you from the frightful position in which you were, had bought up all your liabilities, and so soon as he had all the vouchers in his possession, he hurried with them to me, and implored me to destroy them. Here they are, cousin," he added, as he drew a bundle of papers from his pocket.

The various actors in this singular scene were affected by strange feelings. Don Ruiz and his sister exchanged a look of despair, for they understood that the marquis would now be unable to refuse his consent to his daughter's marriage.

"Oh!" the marquis exclaimed, "I cannot accept such an act of generosity."

"From a stranger, certainly not," Don Rufino remarked, in an insinuating voice; "but I flattered myself that I was not such to you, my dear sir."

There was a silence.

"What is going on at this moment is so strange; I feel taken so unawares" the marquis presently continued; "my thoughts are so confused, that I must beg you, Don Rufino, to defer till to-morrow the remainder of this conversation. By that time I shall have been able to regain my coolness, and then, believe me, I will answer you in the way that I ought to do."

"My dear sir, I understand the delicacy of your remarks, and will wait as long as you think proper," the senator replied, with a bow and an impassioned glance at Dona Marianna, who was pale and trembling.

"Yes," said the colonel, "let us put off serious matters till to-morrow; the shock we have suffered has been too rough for us to be fit for any discussion just at present."

"What has happened to you? The pagans have not seized the Mineral de Quitovar? or at least I hope not."

"Yes, they have, cousin; the pueblo has

been captured by the red-skins, sacked, and burnt. We had great difficulty in making our escape, and passed through extraordinary dangers ere we were so lucky as to reach your hacienda."

"That is disastrous news, cousin; I had been told of it, but was unwilling to believe it."

"It is unhappily but too true."

"Well, thank heaven, cousin, you are in safety here. As for you, Don Rufino, I am happy that you escaped from the horrible massacre; you are not a soldier, you are—"

"An assassin!" a sepulchral voice suddenly exclaimed, and a hand was laid heavily on the senator's shoulder.

The company turned with horror. Stronghand's companion had let fall the hat and cloak that disguised him, and was standing, stern and menacing, behind the senator.

"On!" the latter exclaimed, as he recoiled with terror, "Rodolfo! Don Rodolfo!"

"Brother, do I see you again after so many years?" the marquis said, joyfully, as he advanced towards the stranger.

"The great sachem," Dona Marianna murmured.

The sachem thrust back with a gesture of sovereign contempt the startled senator, and walked into the centre of the group.

"Yes, it is I, brother; I, the proscript, the disinherited, who enter the house of my father after an absence of twenty years, in order to save the last representative of my family."

"Oh, brother! brother!" the marquis exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"Recover yourself, Hernando! I entertain no feeling of hatred or rancor for you; on the contrary, I have always loved you, and though I was far away from you I have never lost you out of sight. Come to my arms, brother; let us forget the past, only to think of the joy of being reunited."

The marquis threw himself into his brother's arms; Don Ruis and Dona Marianna imitated him, and for some minutes there was an uninterrupted exchange of embraces among the members of this family, who had so long been separated.

"It was through me that you received the sum which Paredes was to receive at Hermosillo," Don Rodolfo continued; "to me you also owe the discovery of the gold mine which has saved you. But I have not come here solely to embrace you and youre, brother; I have come to punish a villain! This man," he said, pointing to the senator, who was trembling with rage and terror—"this man was my valet; in order to rob me, he attempted to assassinate me cowardly, treacherously, and behind my back. Such is the man whose dark machinations had succeeded in deceiving you, and to whom you were on the point of giving your daughter; let him contradict me if he dare!"

"Oh!" the senator muttered, with a furious gesture.

"Villain!" the marquis exclaimed; "help! help! seize the monster!"

Several servants rushed into the room, but before they could reach Don Rufino the latter had bounded with a tiger leap upon Don Rodolfo, and buried a dagger in his chest. The sachem fell back with a cry of pain into the arms of his brother and his son. After the crime was committed, the assassin threw down his weapon, and said to the startled spectators, with an air of defiance and satisfied hatred—

"Now you can do whatever you like to me, for I am avenged."

CHAPTER XL.

FUNERAL OF A SACHEM.

Two days had elapsed since the atrocious attack made by Don Rufino on Don Rodolfo de Moguer. The Papazos had captured the hacienda without a blow, as the gates were opened to them; for the stupor and terror of the Mexicans at this horrible crime were so great, that they forgot all precautions. But we must do the red-skins the justice of stating that, contrary to their habits, they committed no excesses in the hacienda, either by virtue of superior orders, or in consequence of the sorrow which the wound of their great sachem caused them. Dona Esperanza had arrived with Padre Serapio at the same time as the Indian warriors, and she and Dona Marianna did not leave the wounded man's bed.

Don Hernando was inconsolable, and the colonel could not forgive himself for having supposed for a moment that the senator was an honest man. The whole hacienda was plunged into sorrow, and Don Rodolfo alone watched death approach with a calm brow. Fray Serapio dressed his wound; his night was tolerably quiet, and in the morning the monk entered the wounded man's room. At a sign from Don Rodolfo, his wife and niece, who had watched the whole night through by his bedside, withdrew.

"Now, padre," he said, when they left the room, "it is our turn."

And he helped him to remove the bandages. The monk frowned.

"I am condemned, am I not?" said Don Rodolfo, who attentively followed in the monk's face the feelings that agitated him.

"God can perform a miracle," the Franciscan stammered, in a faint voice.

The sachem smiled softly.

"I understand you," he replied; "answer me, therefore, frankly and sincerely. How many hours have I still to live?"

"What good is that, my dear, good master?" the monk murmured.

"Padre Serapio," the chief interrupted him, in a firm voice, "I want to know, in order that I may settle my affairs on earth, before I appear in the presence of GOD."

"Do you insist on my telling you the truth?"

"Pray do so—the entire truth."

The poor man stifled a sigh, and answered, in a voice broken by emotion—"Unless a miracle occur, you will give back your soul to your Creator at sunset."

"I thank you, my friend," the sachem said, his austere face not displaying the slightest trace of emotion. "Ask my brother to come here, for I have to talk with him. Keep back my wife and niece until I ask for them. Go, father; I will see you again before I die."

The worthy monk withdrew, choked with sobs. The interview of the two brothers was long, for Don Hernando had many faults to ask pardon for at the hands of him whose place he had taken. But Don Rodolfo, far from reproaching him, tried on the contrary to console him, by talking to him in a cheerful voice, and reminding him of the happy days of their childhood. He also thanked his brother warmly for having freed him from the heavy burden of supporting the family honor, and allowing him to live in accordance with his tastes and humor. Many other things were talked of, after which the marquis retired, with pale brow and eyes swollen with tears, which he tried in vain to repress, that he might not sadden the last moments of the man whose great soul was revealed to him at this supreme moment—of the brother whom he had so cruelly misunderstood, and who had even sacrificed his life to insure his brother's happiness.

Dona Marianna and Dona Esperanza then returned to the dying man's room, followed by Padre Serapio, and in a few moments after the marquis came back, accompanied by Stronghand. The young man, in spite of his Indian education and affected stoicism, knelt down sobbing by his father's side. For some moments father and son talked together in a low voice; no one save God knew what words were uttered by these two men during the solemn interview.

"Come here, niece," Don Rodolfo at length said, addressing Dona Marianna.

The maiden knelt down sobbing by the hunter's side. The aged man looked for a moment tenderly at their two young faces, pale with sorrow, which were piously leaning over him; then making an effort to sit up, and supported on one side by his brother, on the other by Dona Esperanza, he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion—"Niece, answer me as you would answer God; for the dying, you know, no longer belong to this world. Do you love my son?"

"Yes, uncle," the maiden answered through her tears—"yes, I love him."

"And you, Diego, my son, do you love your cousin?"

"Father, I love her," the young man answered, in a voice crushed by emotion.

Don Rodolfo turned to his brother, who understood his glance.

"Bless our children, brother," he said, "according to the wish you expressed to me; Padre Serapio will unite them in your presence."

The wounded man stretched out his trembling hands over the two young people.

"Children," he said, in a powerful voice, though with an accent of ineffable tenderness, "I bless you: be happy."

And, crushed by the efforts he had been forced to make, he fell back in a half-fainting state on his bed. When he regained consciousness, through the attention of Dona Esperanza and his niece, he perceived an altar by the side of his bed. On his expressing a desire that the ceremony should take place at once, Padre Serapio, assisted by Jose Paredes, who was weeping bitterly, read the marriage mass. After the nuptial benediction, Don Rodolfo received the last sacraments, amid the tears and sobs of all present.

"And now, my friends," he said, "that I have accomplished my duties as a Christian and Spanish gentleman, it is time for me to perform my duties as an Indian chief; so allow the Papazo warriors to enter."

The doors opened, and the warriors entered: they were sad, gloomy, and thoughtful. The sachem had sat up to receive them, supported by his son Stronghand. The warriors silently surrounded the bed on which their venerated chief lay, among them being Sparrow Hawk and Peccari. The sachem looked calmly round the circle, and then spoke in a calm and deeply accentuated voice:—

"The Master of Life has suddenly recalled me to him. I did not fall in action, but beneath the dagger of a cowardly assassin. I regret leaving my nation before I had completed the task which I undertook for their happiness. What I had not time to do, another will doubtless terminate. My brothers must continue the war they have so happily and gloriously commenced; and though I am leaving them, my mind will remain among them. The warriors of my nation must never forget that the Master of Life created them free, and that they must live and die free. The Papazos are brave men, invincible warriors, and slavery is not made for them. On the point of appearing before the Master of Life, I implore the chiefs not to forget that the white persons who surround me form part of my family. If my brothers retain after my death any recollection of the good which I have continually sought to do them, they will be kind to the pale-faces whom I love. I have only one more word to add: I desire to give back my soul to the Master of Life beneath the buffalo hide cabin of the warriors of my nation, and in the midst of my nation. I desire also that all the rites customary at the death of the chiefs should be performed for me."

A tremor of joy ran along the ranks of the red-skin warriors on hearing the last words; for they had feared in their hearts that the sachem would wish to be interred after the fashion of the white men. The Peccari then replied, in the name of all—

"My father's wishes are orders for his children; never, so long as the powerful confederation of the Papazos exists, shall an insult be offered to the pale-faces whom he loves. Our father can die in peace; all his wishes will be religiously carried out by his children."

A flash of joy sparkled in the sachem's eye at this promise, which he knew would be strictly kept. The Peccari continued—

"The Papazos chiefs are sad; their hearts are swollen by the thought of losing their father: they fear lest his death may be the cause of great disorder in their confederation, and injure the success of the war which had scarce begun."

"I belong to my sons till the last moment of my existence; what can I do for them?"

"My father can do a great deal," the chief answered.

"My ears are open; I am waiting for my son to explain himself."

"The chiefs," continued Peccari," and the great braves of the confederation, assembled at sunrise round the council fire: they desire, in order that no discord may spring up among them, that our father, the great sachem, should himself appoint his successor; for they feel persuaded that our father's choice will fall on a brave and wise chief, worthy to command men."

The sachem reflected for a moment.

"Be it so," he said at length; "the determination of the sachems is wise, and I approve of it. Sparrow Hawk will command in my place when I am called away by the Great Spirit; no one is more worthy to be the first sachem of the nation."

Sparrow Hawk quitted the ranks, stepped forward, and bowed respectfully to the dying man.

"I thank my father," he said, "for the signal honor he has done me; but I am very young to command chiefs and renowned warriors, and I fear that I shall break down in the heavy task imposed on me. My father leaves a son; Stronghand is one of the great braves of our nation, and his wisdom is renowned."

"My son is a pale-face; he does not know the wants of the Papazos so well as Sparrow Hawk. Sparrow Hawk will command."

"I obey my father since he insists; but Stronghand will ever be one of the great chiefs of my nation."

A flattering murmur greeted these clever remarks.

"I think my son Sparrow Hawk in the name of Stronghand. Modesty becomes a chief so celebrated as is my son," the sachem continued; "the Great Spirit will inspire him, and he will do great things. I have spoken. Do the chiefs approve my choice?"

"We could not have chosen better," Peccari answered. "We sincerely thank our father for having anticipated our dearest wishes by choosing Sparrow Hawk."

This scene so simple in its grandeur, and so truly patriarchal, affected all the spectators, who felt their hearts swollen by sorrow. The sachem continued—

"I feel my strength rapidly leaving me, and life is abandoning me; the Great Spirit will soon call me to Him. My sons will carry me beneath a tent of my nation, in order that I may breathe my last sigh in their midst."

Stronghand, the marquis, Peccari, and Sparrow Hawk gently lifted the wounded man on their shoulders, and carried him to the front yard of the hacienda, followed by all the rest, who walked silently and thoughtfully in the rear. A lodge, formed of stakes covered with buffalo hides, had been prepared to receive the great chief; the bed on which he was lying was softly put down, and the chiefs eyes were turned toward the setting sun. Then all the warriors and their squaws, whom messengers had informed of the sachem's wound, and who had hurried to the hacienda, surrounded the tent. The Mexicans themselves mingled with the crowd, and a deadly silence brooded over the hacienda, in which, however, more than six thousand persons were assembled at this moment.

All eyes were turned toward the dying sachem, by whose side were standing the members of his family, Padre Serapio, and the principal chiefs of the Papazos. Now and then the aged man uttered a few words, which he addressed at times to the monk, at others to his brother, or to the Indian chiefs. When the sun was beginning to sink on the horizon, the wounded man's breathing began to grow panting, his eyes gradually become covered by a mist, and he did not speak; but he tightly grasped his son's and wife's hands in his right hand, and Sparrow Hawk's in his left.

All at once a nervous tremor passed over the dying man's body; his cheeks were tinged; his half-closed eyes opened again; he sat up without any extraneous help, and shouted, in a strong, clear voice, which was heard by all—"I come, Lord! Papazos, farewell! Esperanza! Esperanza! we shall meet again!"

His eyes closed; a livid pallor spread over his face; his limbs stiffened, and he fell back heavily as he exhaled his last sigh. He was dead. His last thought was for his wife, whom he had so dearly loved. The sobs, hitherto restrained, burst forth suddenly and violently among the crowd.

"Our father is dead!" Sparrow Hawk shouted, in a thundering voice.

"Vengeance!" the red-skins yelled.

In fact the murderer of the chief was still alive. The white men who did not wish to witness the horrible scene that was about to take place, withdrew. Stronghand, the colonel, Paredes, and Marianno alone remained. The body of the defunct sachem was at once surrounded by the squaws: they painted it with several bright colors, dressed it in a buffalo robe, formed his hair into a tuft as a sign of his rank, and stretched him out on a dais. The assassin, who was pale but resolute, was then brought up.

Sparrow Hawk placed himself at the head of the corpse, and began a long funeral oration, which was frequently interrupted by the sobs of his audience; then, pointing with an expressive gesture to the murderer, who was still standing motionless in the midst of the Indians who guarded him, he said—

"Commence the punishment."

We will not describe the frightful punishment which was inflicted on the senator; such horrible details are repulsive to our pen. He suffered indescribable agony for three long hours ere he died. Night had set in during this interval. When the wretched assassin was dead, chosen warriors took their chief's body on their shoulders, and proceeded by the light of torches to the huerta, at the spot where the hacienda hung over the precipice. On reaching this spot the chief's magnificent steed was brought up. On his back his master's corpse was securely tied with deer-skin thongs, holding his totem in one hand and his gun in the other; the scalps of his foes were fastened to his saddle-bow, and on his neck and arms were his bead necklaces and copper ornaments. Then, amid the sobs of the squaws, the horse was led to the plateau, where the Papago warriors, mounted and dressed in their war-paint, formed a semicircle, whose ends reached the precipice.

Then took place a scene whose savage grandeur could only be compared to the funeral rites performed at the death of the barbarous chiefs during those great national migrations which produced the overthrow of the Roman Empire. By the glare of the torches—whose flames, agitated by the wind, imparted a fantastic aspect to the gloomy and stern landscape in this part of the huerta—the horse was placed in the midst of the semicircle, and the horsemen, brandishing their weapons, struck up their war-song with a savage energy. The startled horse bounded on to the plateau, bearing the corpse, to which each of its bounds imparted such an oscillating movement that the rider appeared to be restored to life. On reaching the brink of the precipice the horse recoiled with terror, with flaming nostrils; then, suddenly turning round, it tried to burst the living rampart, which was constantly contracted behind it. Several times the animal renewed the same exertions; but at last, attacked by a paroxysm of terror, pursued by the yells of the Indians, and wounded by their long lances, it rose on its hind legs, uttered a terrible snort, and leaped into the gulf with its burden. At the same moment all the torches were extinguished, the tumult was followed by a mournful silence, and the warriors retired.

On the morrow, at sunrise, the red-skins left the hacienda, to which they did not once return during the whole of the war, which lasted three years—three years of unalloyed felicity to Stronghand and his beautiful bride. We may possibly some day tell what was the termination of the grand uprising of the Indians, who on several occasions all but deprived the Mexican republic of its finest and richest provinces. But for the present what we have written must suffice.

THE END.

☞ New England produces 500,000,000 paper collars annually.

Hints to Parents.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

DIET.

Students who apply themselves closely, need to be well nourished. It requires good food and a great amount of it to make the brain work well, and not impair the body. Sedentary habits often induce indigestion; therefore, many have supposed the less they ate the more they could study. About twenty-five years ago earnest persons with limited means worked and studied very hard, and ate and slept very little. Many a good constitution was thus ruined. Nervous dyspepsia was often induced by overwork and lack of suitable nutrition. The more abstemious they were as to food, the less able they became to dispose of what was taken. Many of our ladies, *not* pinched by poverty or pressed by hard work, lose their appetite by too little exercise, too little sleep, and too much study. This course, if long continued, will induce indigestion. The nervous system being exhausted through brain-work, has not power to carry on the bodily functions, and the victim wonders that she should have any stomach trouble when she had eaten so very sparingly. The truth is, limited nutrition has induced indigestion.

The morbid appetite of school-girls, for which they are often blamed, or ridiculed, is a nervous disease brought on by impaired nutrition. There is a lack, a longing, "a sense of goneness," which craves but lacks relish for healthful food. Men suffering from this, take to beer and alcoholic drinks; women more often to tea and coffee in excess, and school-girls to chalk, slate-pencils, cakes, candies, etc. A busy brain, as well as an active body, requires beef, bread, oysters, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, all well cooked, and plainly prepared. Physiologists are making investigations as to what food is suited to supply brain and nerve-power, and physicians are talking of remedies best able to restore it when lost, and perhaps, in years to come, we may have a bill of fare exact and definite for those who wish to work with the head, and another for those having hand-labor. But certain it is that those of intense mental activity ought not to be helped on, and hurried on, by stimulants, or they will die before their time. Stimulants may be useful for emergencies, for sickness, or for advancing years, but young life, with its enthusiasm, does not need the aid of tea, coffee, or alcohol, unless impaired by sickness or over-work. These will help one through a hard lesson, or a night's gayety, but if it be persisted in, it is at the expense of strength for the years that follow. Tea makes our girls over-excitable, wakeful, nervous. Coffee induces constipation, yellow skin, and mental depression. Washerwomen take their strong tea and "wash it off," work it off through the muscular system, and are ready to sleep. Our sensitive girls take it and are bright for study, for social life, but are wakeful after, and they come to live on tea and coffee, and care less and less for plain nourishing food. There are few chronic individuals so hard to cure as those who have long studied with too little food and too little sleep. If girls must study too hard, if women must work when they are not able, or if they must be social and gay when they do not feel so, then tea is their best aid, the stimulus safest and best, and very efficient if not relied upon constantly. If needed, it is best in the morning. At night it makes one wakeful, and hence should not be used, save when we *must* sit up, and then it is as good as the Irishman's whisky, which was "victuals, and drink, and lodgings." But if used two or three times a day, then something stronger is wanted for extra occasions, for emergencies.

School-girls remain plump and fresh sometimes when they are but imperfectly nourished. The brain work brings a determination of blood to the head, which gives a flushed face. Besides this, those of studious habits are likely to suffer from torpidity of the excretory organs, hence the system is plump from being loaded with effete material which should have been thrown off by way of the skin and bowels. Thus, what seems to be strength, is merely weight, weariness, an excess of adipose, with a poverty of muscular tissue. In such cases there is a craving for something to eat, but a lack of appetite for regular rations. The whole system is surcharged with impurities which should have been thrown off, and this depresses the appetite and disturbs digestion.

Half the complaints of school-girls about food are the result of lack of relish. Then they feel half famished and nibble cakes, crackers, and candies between meals, or have a box of "goodies" from home, and these will certainly destroy all desire for bread and meat. Of course in supplying a table for large numbers there must be a lack of deference to individual tastes, which can only receive attention in the home circle. But the need of change in occupation, quite as much as in food, causes nine-tenths of the trouble about fare. Over-study, over-anxiety, too little sleep, too little exercise, too much sugar take away the appetite, and those who cannot eat should not study, for nerve-power is thereby permanently impaired.

Value of Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds while his neighbor with just as good goods fails and drops out of market."—*Horace Greeley.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising.—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ A Sacramento, California, gardener has found, in turning up an old hot-bed, a petrified peach, which, being struck by his spade was split in half. The fibres of the fruit are said to appear as perfect as in the natural state, the pit being in the same condition. We read, also, in the Sutter (Cal.) *Banner*, that the body of a boy, recently disinterred there, was found to be petrified. The head, face, neck, hands, and body, all retained their original form.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS. Edited by L. B. MONROE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a compilation of humorous pieces, both in prose and verse, drawn from the best sources. The book will afford innocent amusement to everybody. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

NEW TESTAMENT MANUAL. By STEPHEN HAWES. Boston: Lee & Shepard. A work designed as an introduction to the study of the New Testament Scriptures. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

DESK AND DEBIT. By OLIVER OPTIC. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The third of the popular "Onward and Upward" series. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co. This is a clever satire, "showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, while the English Boy looked on." It is rendered doubly effective by a number of illustrations by Nast, some of them very comic indeed. For sale by the Central News Co.

KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. By CHARLES LEVER. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. The fifth volume of the new edition of Lever's works. Wit, humor and general vivacity characterize the book.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Handsomely printed and altogether attractive-looking, its character indicated by its title. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ One Zenas Carey, of Indiana, has gone nigh to break Barnum's heart by killing a six-legged colt which he thought "would never be of any use."

☞ An editor was hung in Arizona last week for stealing chickens—probably brought to that sad pass by delinquent subscribers.

☞ An old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin!"

☞ Poor John Smith! A Pennsylvania court has decided that his name is no name at all; for, as names are intended to designate one person from another, John's does not come quite up to that mark.

☞ A new style of business shirt collar has been devised by some ingenious, but unprincipled wretch, and will probably soon appear. The collars are to be printed with advertisements, or anything else to suit, according to order.

☞ A Vermonter has had $3 damages awarded him for being butted over a fence by his neighbor's bull. The smallness of the sum is due to the plaintiff's avowal that he was trying to get over the fence as quickly as possible, so that the bull only helped him in carrying out an intention conceived of his own free will.

☞ Hiram Powers is reported to be near Rome, finishing "Eve after the Fall." If some other powers had "finished" that sinful woman before the Fall, it would have saved Hiram and the rest of us a good deal of work.

☞ A man from the country visited all the stores in Jasper, Ind., recently, to buy a divorce. He was told they were "just out of divorces, but would have a full supply in a few days."

☞ A husband two years after marriage, met an old friend, who congratulated him upon his improved personal appearance, but said: "It seems to me you have grown smaller." "No wonder," was the reply; "ever since I saw you I have been coming down handsomely."

☞ An ingenious wife cured her husband of snoring thus: She has a gutta percha tube with two cup-shaped ends; one she puts over his nose and mouth, and the other over his ear. He consumes his own noise, as a stove does its smoke, and wakes up instanter.

☞ A Chicago merchant advertised a "boy wanted," and before he got down town his clerk met him breathless, and told him that his wife had twin boys. Oh, it pays to advertise.

☞ The N. Y. Evening Mail says:—"Plain hair is rapidly becoming the fashion. How sorry we are for the unfortunate girls who have ruined their front hair by a long course of hot iron and crimping-pins. We wonder if false fronts, such as old ladies used to wear, will be adopted to hide the deficiency?"

☞ It may surprise some readers to know that the oleander, so popular as a house and garden plant, is extremely poisonous. An Ohio doctor writes that he was recently called to attend a child who had eaten some small fragments of an oleander bush that had been cut off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result nearly fatal.

☞ One of the great inducements to settle in Cairo, Ill., is that every person who dies there is entitled to a railroad ride after his death. The people have used all the dirt within four miles of them trying to make a bottom to the city, and there is none to spare to cover dead men with. The consequence is they have to go about eleven miles to the hills, and the only transportation is by railroad. Persons who wish to enjoy a pleasure excursion after death will be sure to locate in Cairo.

☞ The trustees of a suburban cemetery, in speaking of a receiving-tomb built under their direction, are pardonably enthusiastic when they say in their annual report:—"The whole inside arrangement of the tomb gives a pleasant and cheerful aspect to it."

☞ "That man," said a wag, "came to Nashua forty years ago, purchased a basket and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" It was a conundrum we could not answer. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

☞ Johnny was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he got to be a man. His ma asked:—"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's pa."

☞ The *Scientific American* says it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal—this fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed.

☞ Memphis has been given to sensations lately. The last one is a story of a dog that is said to be a chicken hatcher. He recently "stole two eggs," put them in his bed, and has, after long setting, succeeded in hatching two game chickens

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Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

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SPLENDID ARRAY OF TALENT.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will continue to be devoted as heretofore to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

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may12-13t Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD. The Prairie Whistle and Animal Imitator can be used by a child. It is made to imitate the song of every bird, the neigh of a horse, the bray of an ass, the grunt of a hog. Birds, beasts, and snakes, are enchanted and entrapped by it. Is used by Dan Bryant, Charley White, and all the Minstrels and Warblers. Ventriloquism can be learned in 3 days by its aid. Sent everywhere upon receipt of 10c., 3 for 25., 7 for 50c., 15 for $1. T. W. VALENTINE, Box 372, Jersey City, New Jersey. may13-2t

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The Company has a LAND GRANT OF 1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND along the line of its Road, exempted by the state from taxation for *fifteen* years, and which can be sold for much more than the cost of building the road.

The Bonds are a first and only Mortgage upon the Road Land Grant and entire property of the Company. They are convertible into stock at par, receivable as cash for lands, and are payable in gold at the end of 15 years.

Price 90, and interest in currency, at which figure they net to the purchaser 9 per cent per annum.

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This has been proven to thousands, who are now sound and well. And to the doubtful, and those who have given up all hopes, we will furnish the **Root and Herb Juices** free of charge, until a perfect cure is effected.

Persons availing themselves of this offer, will please send reference that they will pay when cured.

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One bottle of Helmbold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wineglass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage.

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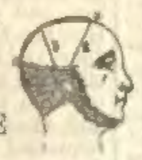

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No. 1.—The round of the head.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
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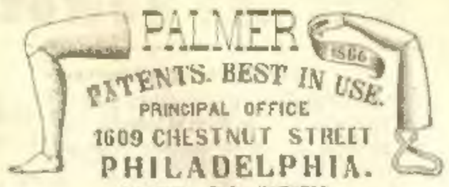

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Competent Witness.

"William Look, who made you?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, replied:

"Moses, I s'pose."

"That will do," said Councillor Gray, addressing the court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him; that is an intelligent answer, more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mister Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mister Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said Councillor Gray, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out:

"Well, ne-ow, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the critter'd got in here?"

Hardly Complimentary.

The late James T. Brady was very fond of the ready natural wit of his countrymen. One day, speaking of this to a friend, he said, "I'll just show you a sample. I'll speak to any of these men at work; and you'll see that I will get my answer." Stepping up to the men who were at work on a cellar near by, he spoke to them cheerfully. "Good-day, good-day to you, boys. That looks like hard work for you."

"Faix an' it is," was the answer, "or we wouldn't be havin' the doin' of it."

Pleased with this, he asked the man what part of Ireland he came from.

"Ah!" said Brady on hearing the name, "I came from that region myself."

"Yis," said the man, with another blow of his pick, "there was many nice people in that place; but I never heard that any of 'em left it."

Too Much of a Good Thing.

A gentleman, whose love of order was largely developed, had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were anything but orderly. Nothing under his hand had a fixed locality, and everything was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who, after a general lecture on the subject of mal-arrangements, quoted the old precept, and said—

"Sir, you should have a place for everything."

"I have, sir," replied the junior, "a great many places for everything."

UNSATISFACTORY.—"Are you an Odd Fellow?"

"No, sir: I've been married for a week."

"I mean, do you belong to the order of Odd Fellows?"

"No, no: I belong to the order of married men."

"Mercy! how dumb! Are you a Mason?"

"No: I'm a carpenter by trade."

"Worse and worse. Are you a Son of Temperance?"

"Bother you! no: I'm a son of Mr. John Gosling."

The querist went away.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—A Down-Easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the *high* houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upwards, till having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, when Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus:—

"Look here, stranger! if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now; as 'twill be that time *afore I can get down again.*"

A SHORT-SIGHTED STAR-GAZER.—Some years ago, on the day of an eclipse, when all the inhabitants of Paris were out of doors, provided with telescopes and pieces of smoked glass, an Englishman was seen driving furiously in a hackney coach along one of the principal streets. "Where does milord wish to go to?" said the driver. "To see the eclipse," exclaimed the Englishman, thrusting his head out of the coach window; "only drive up as near it as possible, for I am short-sighted."

JUST MISSED IT.—"I once dreamed," said Pat, "that I called upon the Prisident; and he axed me wud I drink. I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a drop of punch. 'Could er hot?' axed the Prisident. '*Hot*, yer excellency,' said I: and he stepped down in the kitchen for some bilin' water; and, before he got back, I woke strate up; and now it's distressin' me that I didn't *take it could.*"

AN UNPROFITABLE ANSWER.—"What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" Queen Elizabeth demanded of a choleric courtier, to whom she had not realized her promise of promotion.

"He thinks, madam, of woman's promises," was the tart reply.

"Well, I must confute him," said the queen, walking away; "anger makes a man witty, but it keeps him poor."

A MAN was arrested in Buffalo last week, for stealing a barrel of salt. When arraigned in the court, he pleaded destitution. "You couldn't eat salt," said the judge. "Oh, yes I could, with the meat I intended to steal." This reply cost him six months. The judge had no appreciation of delicate humor.

"PRAY, Miss C——," said a gentleman, one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?"

"How stupid!" replied Miss C——. "Is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good *offer*, sir?"

QUEER WILL.—Some persons are so anxious to be remembered after death that they take strange ways of insuring recollection. A London journal relates that Eliza Wragge, an ancient maiden, recently deceased, left in her will a small sum of money to a certain parish on condition that the vault should be opened, and her coffin dusted every year. In the event of failure, the bequest is to be transferred to another parish. She made sure of the wardens, who are to open the vault, by leaving them enough to buy a good dinner on each return of the cheerful occasion.

MISAPPLICATION.

CLERGYMAN'S WIFE (*who takes great interest in her Industrial School.*)—"Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress, that you are not diligent at your needle-work! Now, you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?"

JANE BROWN (*artfully thinking to propitiate*)—"If you please, Mam, yeou do, Mam!!"

THE POET AND THE BIRDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"What is left for me to sing?"
A young poet cried,
"Has the harp of song a string
That has not been tried?

"All my thoughts have other men
Often sung before:"
On the grass he threw his pen—
"I will write no more!"

But it chanced a passing bird,
Hearing this lament,
Flew and told it every word,
Whereso'er he went.

Over glade and under leaf
As the words were spread,
Every songster heard with grief
What the poet said.

And on rapid wings they went,
Leaving field and wood,
To the leafy green tree-tent,
Where the poet stood.

Perched above the whispery wheat,
Spoke a robin blithe and bold:
"Poet, still thy song is sweet,
Though the theme is old.

"But if unto men thy song
Too familiar is to suit,
We have also sung too long;
Must we too be mute?"

"Nay," he cried, "sing as before;
Not till now I saw it so,
But the rude world may be more
Pleased and patient than we know."

My Friend Thompson.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

The other day I was agreeably surprised to learn that my friend Thompson—my chum at C—— Academy—had been elected to the Legislature of his native State. Of course, my friend's constituents had honored themselves quite as much as him by choosing him to represent them. He was able, eloquent and honest—I pray Heaven in his new and trying position he may remain so. He seemed to possess every qualification that should distinguish the respectable law-maker; he was young to be sure, but that was rather an advantage; he would soon acquire experience, and then would be able to give every attention to the interests of his county so far as they were involved at the Capitol. Yet, acknowledging to myself, as I was glad to, that my ex-chum would succeed admirably as a legislator, I could not help smiling as I pictured him in my mind, sitting gravely in the Assembly Chamber, or rising, with that important look which should belong to men on whom devolve such stupendous trusts, to address the listening representatives. I could not help smiling, as I have said, and the longer the vision was before my mental sight, the deeper grew my smile, until at last I am sure I must have looked very much amused indeed. Let me explain. Eight years before, when Thompson and I were at the Academy together, the love of humor and practical joking was so strong with my friend, that, with the joker's inadvertence, he occasionally got himself into ludicrous positions.

One Saturday evening in the supposed absence of the principal and his chief assistants, a number of us had congregated in the room of a fellow-student for the purpose of having a good time. Thompson was one of the party, and after the usual hilarity, that attends the evening meetings of a number of released students after the work of the week, it was proposed that something original be done in the line of amusement. The principal—the professor, as we called him—though only the head of an academy, we gave him a college title—was away for the evening to attend a theological discussion at the village, and would be sure to remain until late. The teacher left in charge of the school, was in the labratory preparing for a series of experiments designed to illustrate a lecture on chemistry to be given the following Tuesday evening; he would be entirely absorbed, for he was an enthusiast in that science, though he really knew little about it, and I wondered that he had not blown himself to pieces long ago with his awkward handling of retorts, etc. The field, therefore was clear.

Thompson, who was rich in suggestions, proposed that the "professor" be practically reminded of his neglect of duty in going away in the manner stated, leaving a hundred idle students in a state of moral unprotection.

He enlarged philosophically on the subject, and declared himself ready to proceed in giving the lesson. Betrayal by others was of course not to be thought of, as it is considered unpardonably mean for one student to inform on another, no matter what the circumstances are.

Accompanied by two or three of the "wilder" youths, my friend proceeded to the chamber of our worthy principal and finding the door unlocked, though the good man not having the most serene confidence in his charge, usually endeavored to make things secure in that way, they went industriously to work to effect a complete alteration in the arrangement of the furniture of the room. The carpet was taken from the floor and fastened to the ceiling; the bedstead was inverted and the bed-clothing placed on the floor; chairs turned upside down, were hung along the walls; in short, every article was put in the very reverse of its right position. It was very stupid fun to be sure, but college youths and academy boys have an intense appreciation of such things, and find amusement in what to others would appear very dull.

Just as the work had been completed to the satisfaction of those engaged, footsteps, fearfully familiar, were heard closely approaching. It was the "Professor," returning, for some unguessed reason, sooner than had been anticipated! Horrors! what should be done.

If the perpetrators could only have escaped unseen, there would have been no danger of detection—for no one would have betrayed them; and among a whole schoolful of young men and boys, the guilty, though perhaps suspected once, would be safe.

There was no time to be lost. A rush was made for the window. It opened on a balcony from which ingress could be obtained through another window, to an upper hall, and thence the rooms of students could be reached.

The two who had been assisting Thompson, managed to get through the window unseen, and the chief actor in the affair would have been equally successful had he not caught his foot in a pillow-case and stumbled to the floor. There would barely have been time to escape had not a moment been lost; as it was, he was caught and most ridiculously too. The "Professor" hurriedly entered, and seeing at a glance the position of affairs, sprang for the sprawling Thompson, and caught him firmly in his grasp. Holding him secure he brought him to the door, and in a loud voice, called to Mr. Barclay, the man of chemical attractions, asking him to come up a moment. He came, and after viewing the situation briefly, was requested to assemble a number of the students—as many as could be readily collected—at the door of the "Professor's" chamber.

"We came—looking amazed and innocent of course—and then the "Professor," who was a man of great physical strength, unlike most of his class, smiling grimly, but speaking not a word, took a new hold of the unfortunate Thompson, and inverted *him*, to correspond with the arrangement of the furniture. He held him thus only an instant, but the effect was comical. Poor Thompson! he enjoyed it too, I think, though it was a punishment at the same time to be so mercilessly laughed at. He was not asked to name his accomplices—and after we had dispersed nothing more was said to us about the matter by our Principal.

Thompson is a member of the Legislature, and no doubt makes a good figure among his fellow-members; but I never think of him, but I see him standing on his head in that room at C——.

Practical Jokes.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent. For instance, Thracians, at their drinking parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such a shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots, and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was then kicked away; if he could cut himself down with his sickle, well and good; but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright; and the rest laughed, thinking it good sport.

The tyrant Nero's jests were likewise very practical. "What a fat fellow that Senator is!" he observed one day to a courtier; "see me cut him in two!" and he did it in the most facetious manner.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncart, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funnily that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The Duke of Frontac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress, embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where everybody laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel and demanded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance.

Monsieur de Frontac was awakened,

"Monsieur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of police. Monsieur, the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands that we may convict the offender by comparing it with the mutilated tails."

The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police; but it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

The Crucifixion.

A very curious work on the physical cause of the death of Christ, written by Dr. Stroud, an eminent English physician, has been republished by the Appletons. It shows, by a multitude of facts and arguments, that the usual phenomena of death by crucifixion were not exhibited in the death of our Lord, but that the circumstances, as described in the Gospel, indicate that He died of a disease of the heart caused by excessive suffering and strong emotion. The author narrates many interesting cases of sudden death from similar causes. His work was the result of great labor and long-continued research, and its value and medical authenticity are strongly vouched for by the eminent authority of Sir James Y. Simpson. Together with its medical features, the book contains an elaborate essay on the relation of the alleged cause and method of the death of Christ to the principles and practice of Christianity.

THE High, Low, and Broad Church parties of England are designated as "Attitudinarians," "Platitudinarians" and "Latitudinarians."

AGRICULTURAL.

Mulching Strawberries.

All those who have had any experience in growing strawberries know full well that this plant will flourish best on a soil that is rich, deep and mellow, with an even temperature and an abundance of moisture from the time the berries form until the fruit is ripe. The preparation of the soil is of course important, in fact all-important, for on poorly prepared ground there will be a weak growth of plants, and under these circumstances the yield will be small and the berries inferior and small sized. But even when the soil is good and the plants are strong, with a healthy foliage, there is still another condition necessary to insure a fine crop, and that condition is brought about at a much less expense by mulching than by any other means with which the writer is familiar. Our climate is precarious, and it is not uncommon for a severe drouth to set in during the strawberry season, which is sure to lessen the yield. But the mulch will answer another and an important purpose, and that is keeping the fruit clean and free from sand.

The substance generally used for mulching is straw or salt hay. Either of these may be spread around the plants or along the rows at any time during the Spring until the fruit is set. Even then it is not too late to do a great deal of good. It is not necessary that it should be put on very thickly, although no harm will come from it if the hay is two or three inches in thickness between the rows or between the plants in the rows. The substances used, whether hay or straw, should be carefully pressed down between the plants, so that the foliage and fruit will rest on the mulch. When the substances named were scarce and high we have seen places where corn-stalks were made use of for this purpose, and with good results. The stalks were put lengthwise along the line of the rows of plants, and close enough together to keep the berries off the ground, which they did admirably. The benefits from mulching are equally apparent in garden as well as field culture. For neglecting the former there is no excuse, for there is always enough of common rubbish that can be saved with a little care to serve for a mulch in a small bed for family use. A very serviceable material for mulching may be gathered in the woods of the fallen leaves, and a sprinkling of soil should be applied to keep them in place.

Rules for Poultry Raising.

1. Give them range enough. Allow not less than an acre to a hundred fowls. 2. Keep their roosts and nests free of lice. This you can do with sulphur smoke and carbolic acid in the whitewash. 3. Feed high and give variety; wheat and oats, and scrap cake as well as corn. 4. Make the good mothers nurses and give them great families, and keep a separate nursery yard sodded with grass that is not long. 5. Change roosters every Spring. 6. See that they have plenty of dry ashes to wallow in, and use plaster to keep the roosts sweet smelling.—*Warren Leland.*

Items.

—Five or six plantings of sweet corn should be made during the season from ten to twelve days apart, and this will afford a supply continuously up to frost in October.

—We talk too much about "large vs. small potatoes for seed," "planting in hills or drills," and "depth of covering," and far too little about enriching and preparing the ground, and keeping the crop free from weeds.

—Corn meal and corn in the ear are fed a great deal by dairymen in the spring, and it is one of the best grain feeds that can be given to make flesh and fat, but one of the poorest as a direct milk producer.

—There are no questions that so deeply interest farmers as those which relate to the best mode of obtaining and the most proper manner of applying manure.

—The food of the sheep modifies the character of the wool, and we cannot have good wool from poor feed.

—The utmost exertion of every farmer should be given to obtain all the manure he possibly can, and in the best possible condition to nourish the crops he proposes to feed with it.

—It is said that fresh water daily, with a lump of brimstone kept in it, will be found a certain preventive of gapes in young chickens.

—There is no satisfaction in raising poor crops or poor animals.

—Ten to fifteen pounds of clover seed is the usual quantitity sown per acre, but a little too much is far better than not quite enough.

—Mulching newly planted trees will be found particularly beneficial in guarding against the effects of drought. Cover the ground from the tree beyond the end of the roots with a layer of coarse manure or litter, six to eight inches deep.

—The farmer who owns his land, is free from debt, and has tolerable improvements, cannot comprehend the full meaning of the term "hard times." Hence, farming is the best and surest vocation for the mass of the people; as a general result, it does not lead to wealth and luxury, but it may insure competence and even abundance.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 6, 7, 1, 9, 10, is a kind of song.
My 12, 13, 17, 5, is to come together.
My 15, 19, 21, 22, is a girl's name.
My 3, 4, 9, is a metal.
My 2, 15, 12, is a boy's nickname.
My 12, 1, 14, 18, is a religious service.
My 8, 9, is a preposition.
My 11, 3, is a personal pronoun.
My 2, 15, 16, 22, is to rescue.
My 20 is a pronoun.
My whole is a proverb.

EDW. F. MADDEN.

Double Acrostic.

They reach the goal midst deafening din;
Dark or light, may the best man win!

1. Long may it wave
O'er the home of the brave.
2. Rank and fashion crowd to hear,
And beauty smiles on many a t—r.
3. I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse.
4. Observe the rule
Of not too much, by moderation taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.

CRACK.

Charade.

To call a lass my first would sure be rude,
And from my second lovers should refrain;
An empty shell is often my whole's gain—
Now o'er this riddle set your wits to brood.

ROB ROY.

Arithmetical Problem.

The number 3960 being divided by 4 different divisors of whole numbers, ascending in arithmetical progression, which all 4 will divide it without leaving any remainder; the sum of the 4 different quotients amounted to 3627. Requested to find the 4 different divisors used. JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

Two persons, in a dark room, draw each a circle at random on a circular slate. What is the probability that the circumferences of the circles will intersect?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a donkey, which cannot hold up its head, like next Monday? Ans.—Because its neck's weak.

☞ Why is a surgeon, since the discovery of ether, like a swindler? Ans.—Because he cuts off without payin' (pain.)

☞ When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil? Ans.—When he is going to sing.

☞ Why is a man in a fever like a burning candle? Ans.—He is light-headed.

☞ Why is a man who has no children invisible? Ans.—Because he's not a parent.

☞ When are soldiers like good flannel? Ans.—When they don't shrink.

☞ Why is a ship-carpenter the most economical of men? Ans.—Because he adze what he takes away.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Give alms of thy goods and never turn thy face from any poor man." CHARADE.—Ram-rod.

RECEIPTS.

GRAHAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup sugar and the yolks of four eggs beaten together; the whites of the eggs beaten separate, to a stiff froth, the two put together, one cup of Graham flour added, stirred, and baked in one loaf.

TO SWEETEN BUTTER FIRKINS.—Before packing butter into firkins, put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well, fill them with water, and turow in a few handsful of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter-firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood, and makes the firkins sweet. If the butter is well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all the summer, even if the firkins be kept in store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—L. E. Palmer, Luzerne Co., Pa., contributes the following to the *American Agriculturist*, and challenges any housekeeper in the country to give any mode of preparing a more delicious light pudding:—One pint of nice fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the egg stiff and beat in a teacupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. Is second only to ice-cream, and for some seasons better.